THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has finished a book on his mother, which will be entitled *Marget Ogilvy*. It is perhaps the most exquisite piece of work he has yet accomplished. It is not a biography in the ordinary sense, but gives aspects and incidents of his mother's life in the style which Mr. Barrie's readers know, keeping close throughout to facts. The volume will be published in this country by the Messrs. Scribner, and in England by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

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At the time of the death of Mr. Barrie's mother last autumn, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, an intimate friend of the family, wrote of her, "I am looking at the portrait done by her son not very long ago, of the tender mother, and in my mind is a likeness still more vivid. I recall the slow, wise, tender smile. I hear again the gentle voice recalling the past. I understand better than ever the strong, brave faith that coloured every thought and word. Mrs. Barrie was the daughter of Saunders Ogilvy, and to the last in every distress her thoughts went back to him. She was full of memories of him and of others like him—'the strong nails that keep the world together.' To their belief and courage she added more than a woman's tenderness." Mr. Barrie's mother, a woman of remarkable gifts and noble character, died on the evening of September 3d last. On the Friday afternoon previous, Mr. Barrie's eldest sister was seized with a severe illness, and by Saturday night she had succumbed. They were buried together on September 6th. The daughter, slowly dying on her feet, nursed the mother until she could nurse no more; and the mother, needing no more nursing, died not knowing, perhaps scarcely suspecting, that her daughter had but a few hours gone before her out of this world into the next. It was then disclosed and announced on authority that Mrs. Barrie and her daughter were the originals of "Jess" and "Leeby" in *A Window in Thrums*. The lovely story of their lives had a beautiful and not wholly mournful end. It was mournful as mortal things are, but the beauty was more than the sorrow, and Mr. Barrie's book will make this clearer. In the almost intolerably pathetic "Dead this Twenty Years" there is this passage; we underline the most pregnant sentence:

> "I read frae the beginnin' o' the chapter, but when I come to 'Thou God seest me,' I stop. Nor it's no 'at there's ony rebellion to the Lord in my heart noo, for I ken He was lookin' doon when the cart gaed ower Joey, an' He wanted to take my laddie to Himsel'. *But juist when I come to 'Thou God seest me,' I let the Book lie in my lap, for aince a body's sure o' that they're sure o' all.* Ay, ye'll laugh, but I think, mebbe juist because I was his mother, 'at though Joey never lived to preach in a kirk, he's preached frae 'Thou God seest me' to me."

Mrs. Barrie's happy, peaceful life knew one tragedy.

❀

Here is an anecdote of Christopher North, said to be *inédit*:—A lady admirer had just complimented Kit upon his "noble head," frontal development, etc., when he rather staggered her by replying, "True, madam; in our village there was only one head bigger than mine, and that was the village idiot's."

❀

The Rev. Washington Gladden is writing a book on *The Working Church and its Pastor* for the International Library, published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Charles Scribner and Sons of this city.

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JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Last month we quoted the late John Addington Symonds as saying that a good photographic portrait has great documentary value. We now take pleasure in reproducing Mr. Symonds's portrait from a photograph which was taken at Davos shortly before his death, and which has never been used before.

❀

We have heard very indirectly that a new literary magazine is under consideration in this city, to be published as a semi monthly. This, if true, is interesting intelligence, and shows a commendable willingness to take risks. Still, if the sponsors of the new venture will make a careful study of THE BOOKMAN and thus get a good idea of how such things ought to be done, they may ultimately attain a very fair measure of success. Anyhow, the more the merrier, say we.

❀

The Barnard College for Women, in this city, whose examinations are conducted by Columbia University, of which it is practically an annex, offers each year for competition a scholarship to be awarded to the student who passes the best examination for entrance to the College in all the subjects required. This year the scholarship was won by Miss Martha Ornstein, a young Austrian, who has been only a little while in the country, and who was, therefore, obliged to learn our language at the same time that she was pursuing her studies. Yet even in the subject of English her rating was among the very highest, being ninety on a scale of one hundred. We consider this a very remarkable performance.

❀

Mr. Harold Frederic has commenced a novel of nearly if not quite the length of *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. It will be his first attempt to deal in fiction with English people and subjects exclusively. The new book is to be published in England by Mr. Heinemann.

❀

A good deal of wonder has been expressed that Mr. Frederic, after so long an absence from this country, should still retain so perfectly in *Theron Ware* all the local colour of a very peculiarly American *mise en scène*, and that the insidious Briticism should not have found an entry into his literary phraseology. We fully share this feeling; yet a careful reading of *Theron Ware* has shown us one or two delicate little touches that suggest Mr. Frederic's present environment. One is found in the use of the word "serviettes"—a British Gallicism that has not yet come into use in the United States, and another more noticeable one is the occurrence of "sweets"—a very British thing. In only one place, however, does Mr. Frederic let his characters use an un-American locution, and that is in Chapter XVIII. where Theron Ware says to Celia, "I'm afraid your people would think it strange." Now, Theron Ware would really have said, "Your folks."

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Standing on the very verge of an exciting political campaign, THE BOOKMAN looks down into the arena with a serenity born of intellectual detachment, and with an eye intent to mark the purely literary aspects of the struggle. Some

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competent person should write a book on the effects, both permanent and temporary, of successive presidential campaigns upon our unfortunate mother tongue, and upon literary style. In the first place he would have to note the extraordinary part played in nearly every campaign by political "gags" which stand to nine voters out of every ten in the place of any final and definite opinions upon great questions of national policy. Sometimes these do embody in a compact form a definite principle such as the famous cry of "Fifty-four forty or fight!" but often they are mere senseless yawps bearing upon the personality or the "record" of the candidates, like the "Hurrah for Jackson!" which was about the only thing in the way of political argument adduced in the campaign of 1828, or such alliterative cries as "Tip and Ty!" and "Buck and Breck!" or shibboleths involving some implied charge against a candidate, like the famous "Three-twenty-nine!" of the Garfield campaign, or "Burn this letter!" of the Blaine year. Sometimes, again, it is a foolish phrase taken up and harped upon, like the "hasty plate of soup" with which General Scott was ridiculed into defeat.

❀

Then there is the campaign in which some phrase or adjective or epithet is worked to death by campaign orators and afterward by the newspapers. It is, in the first place, generally uttered in a serious way, because it is supposed to be pathetic or striking or especially vivid, but after it has been used by ten thousand stump speakers and twenty thousand editors, it is reduced to the level of a ludicrous bit of political slang. Thus, after the campaign in which Mr. Hayes announced that his heart bled for the poor African, it was a long time before one could speak of anybody's heart bleeding for anything without at once evoking a responsive grin on the listener's face. As a result of the Hancock canvass, the adjective "superb" became impossible for serious use. The last Cleveland-Harrison contest made the expression "bound as by a spell" perpetually ridiculous because of the famous "spell-binders." It is too early to say just what linguistic freaks will appear during the campaign now opening; but already there are signs that the adjective "peerless" is going to be heavily overworked. All these things have their serious side, for they aid in vulgarising some of the finest and most expressive words in the language—thanks to the poverty of the reporter's vocabulary. It may be urged that if this vocabulary were larger and better stocked, the only result would be to vulgarise a still larger number of words; but we think not; for it would then be unnecessary for the changes to be rung on a few unfortunate verbal victims.

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A chapter of the proposed book might be devoted to specimens of the maudlin mewlings of the newspaper writers who, immediately after the nominations are made, begin to "write up" the candidates, and the candidates' ancestors, and the candidates' family. The beautiful unconsciousness in these scribblers of their own bathos is the most farcical and at the same time the most pathetic feature of the whole affair, and does much to discredit the theory that Americans have a pronounced sense of humour. Probably the most delicious products of the present campaign, so far as it has yet advanced, are the two following gems which we have carefully clipped out of the columns of a great metropolitan newspaper and now embalm to be a joy to our readers forever. This is the first one:

"Withal, Mrs. H——— is essentially a home-maker and a home-lover, and is never so happy as when quietly at home. She is devotion itself to her husband, and the telegram she sent him on learning of his nomination was characteristic of her sweet unselfishness—'Where thou goest I will go.'"

And the second is like unto it, only more so:

"'We have been living very quietly indeed,' she continued. 'As I wrote to Mr. H——— since he has been at the Convention in St. Louis, I would much prefer to spend the rest of my days in this quiet way, but that if it were willed otherwise'—two tears that had been in the process of forming completed the sentence."

The whole subject is psychologically fascinating, as it throws a powerful and all-pervading light on the political childishness of the American people.

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The July number of the *Cornhill Magazine* inaugurates a new series under the new editorship of Mr. J. St. Loe

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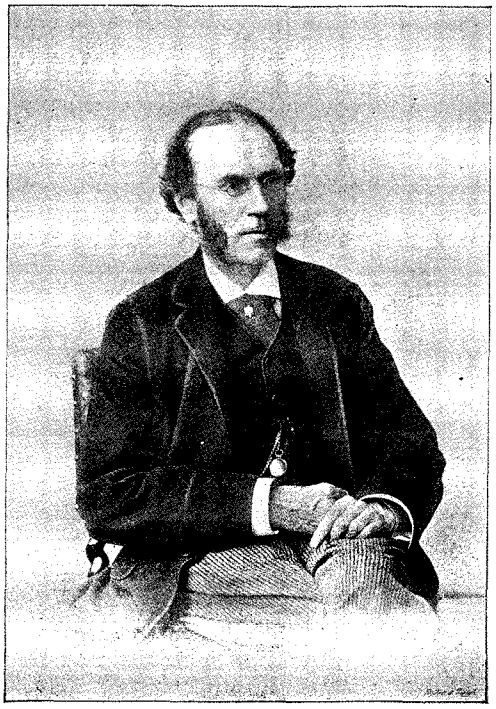

JAMES PAYN.

Strachey, of the *Spectator*. The magazine has been raised to its old price of a shilling, as in the days of Thackeray, Greenwood, and Leslie Stephen, and increased to 144 pages. It is understood that a high literary level will be aimed at, and that illustrations will probably be introduced. We venture to think that the real vacancy among English magazines at present is for a monthly of the type of the *Century* or *Harper's*, published at one shilling.

❀

As for Mr. Payn, who has given place to Mr. Strachey on the *Cornhill*, and who has retired from all editorial work, there is but one feeling toward him among all engaged in literature, a feeling of cordial gratitude and sincere good-will. He has been for a lifetime one of the kindest and most painstaking of editors, as well as one of the most agreeable of writers. It is particularly pleasing that he should have closed his editorial career with a story which is up to the level of his very best work, *The Disappearance of George Driffnell*. Happily Mr. Payn's mental powers are undiminished, and we may hope yet to have much from the pen which has so long delighted us. Mr. Payn is one of those men who, though never robust in health, contrive to accomplish an incredible amount of work. We have before us a letter, hitherto unpublished, written by Miss Mitford on June 14th, 1853. She says that Mr. Payn is to dedicate a volume to her, and goes on :

"A charming lad he is—may it please God to spare him ! K. [Miss Mitford's servant] says he is sure to die, and certainly he is one of those very gracious and graceful persons in both mind and body whom consumption so often strikes down."

This was forty-three years ago.

❀

Mr. James Payn went from Eton to Trinity College, Cambridge, and became editor of *Chambers's Journal* in 1858, having already been a contributor to *Household Words*. *A Family Scapegrace* and *Lost Sir Massingberd*, his first two novels, achieved a great success and a wide popularity for his later ones. In 1882 he became editor of the *Cornhill*, which has given the world many of his amusing "Recollections." "Our Note Book," a weekly chronicle of wise and witty reflections on topics of the hour, mostly literary, appears invariably on the second page of the *Illustrated London News*, and is turned to with constant interest by a large contingent of readers.

❀

Mr. Charles E. L. Wingate is to furnish a companion volume to his *Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage*, published last autumn. It is to be entitled *Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage*, and is to be illustrated in the same manner as his former volume. Mr. Wingate has also edited and furnished an introduction to a collection of interesting papers on *Famous American Actors of To-day*. It will make a handsome octavo volume for the holidays, and will contain numerous portraits. Both books will be published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company.

❀

Mr. William Black, whose new novel, *Briseis*, was recently published by the Messrs. Harper, has been in very indifferent health lately. He is said to be gratified by the welcome given to his new novel. It would seem that as soon as the proof-sheets have been returned to the printers Mr. Black forgets all about his

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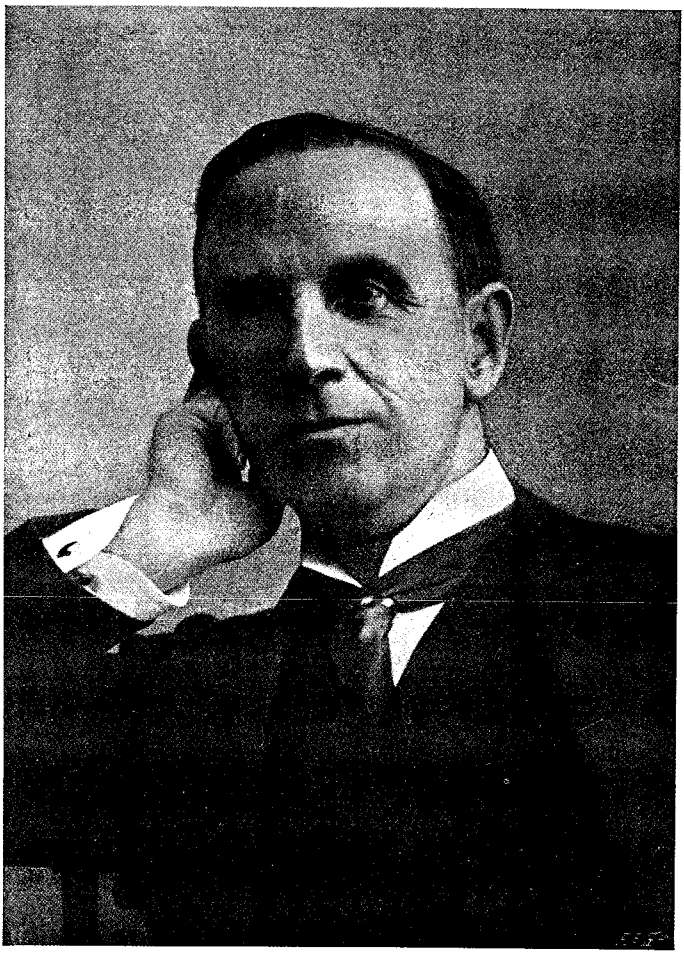
own books, and Mrs. Black told a curious little circumstance in confirmation of this the other day. "In the course of conversation with my husband one day," says Mrs. Black, "I suddenly remembered an anecdote in illustration of what I was saying, and related it to him. He laughed heartily, said it was a very good story, and eagerly asked me where I had heard it. You should have seen my husband's face when I told him that I had read it in one of his own books."

❀

We understand that Mr. John Morley has in preparation a new volume of *Studies in Literature*. It is pleasant to note that Mr. Morley's writings have happily continued to increase in spite of the jealous demands of the political shrew. Some ten volumes of essays, besides the biography of Cobden and the charming monographs of Burke and Sir Robert Walpole, fill a shelf in the library. Mr. Morley, who was born on Christmas Eve, 1838, has had an interesting career. At one time there appeared a probability of his taking holy orders, but instead he went to London to learn the mysteries of "literary facility." To drive off the wolf he combined some tutorial drudgery with journalism. He joined the knot of vigorous and brilliant men who, in his own words, gave Philistinism many a shrewd blow in the *Saturday Review*, subsequently reprinting his *Modern Characteristics* in an anonymous volume, and for a brief period conducting the *Morning Star*. About this time he became acquainted with John Bright and Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle seems to have liked Mr. Morley in spite of the latter's daring to say in print that it took Carlyle thirty volumes in which to compress the gospel of silence. At the early age of twenty-nine Mr. Morley succeeded George Henry Lewes as editor of the *Fortnightly Review*—a post which made him "the impresario of men of letters," and brought him into contact with all sorts of public men. He studied law with Mr. Frederic Harrison and was called to the bar in 1873; but he remained faithful to literature, "the most seductive, the most deceiving, the most dangerous of professions."



JOHN MORLEY.

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Under the bookman lay the politician. Mr. Morley's direct influence on everyday politics dates from his appointment as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, soon after his plucky fight for Westminster in 1880. Mr. Morley has long ago

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W. Savage Landor

outlived the disappointment and fear which his friends entertained for him when he entered the House of Commons in 1893. A new master then entered into Mr. Morley's manhood. Being asked on one occasion for a clue to his life, he pointed to the portraits of John Stuart Mill and Mr. Gladstone and said, "These two men have made me." Mr. Morley is a voracious reader of fiction, among his favourites being Sir Walter Scott, the Brontës, and Mrs. Gaskell. He assigns to Burke as a man of letters a higher place than the world at large is disposed to give. There breathes through him also the spirit of Wordsworth, and Goethe he regards with reverence. Some one has said that his confession of faith may be summed up in the words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of Corin: "I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other man's good, content with my harm."

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A book of considerable interest by Mrs. Lynn Linton, entitled *My Literary Life*, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Some of the chapters of this forthcoming work have appeared in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, and in the present number there will be found one on "George Henry Lewes and Thornton Hunt." The chapters of Mrs. Linton's *Literary Life* contain some startling revelations, and much personal gossip about many familiar and unfamiliar figures who were living amid the *Sturm und Drang* of the mid-century period. "I am one of the few," says Mrs. Linton "still left of the old set, and I confess, that I make it something of a religion to speak the truth so far as I may and as I know it. I wish neither to extenuate what merits blame nor to set down aught in malice—I wish simply to speak the truth."

❀

Mrs. Lynn Linton had a great friend in Walter Savage Landor, who used to call her his "daughter," and always signed himself her dear "father." Some of her reminiscences of Landor were published in the April BOOKMAN. The accompanying portrait of Landor is of great interest, having been taken at Florence by Mrs. Powers, and it is believed to be the last photograph that Landor had taken. The autograph appended was scratched across the back of the *carte de visite* from which this is reproduced.

❀

Here is a good story for the enemies of Philadelphia. A prominent lawyer of that venerable city was narrating to a younger advocate some of the delays and complications of a chancery suit in which he was engaged.

"Bless me!" said the junior advocate, "I never heard of anything parallel to that except Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce."

The other at once looked thoughtful, and pretty soon, pleading an engagement, went off. The next morning he came into the younger man's office with an air of great vexation.

"Look here!" he said. "Why can't you remember names accurately? Here I've spent the whole night trying to find that case of Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce that you mentioned, and there isn't any such case in the Pennsylvania law reports at all!"

❀

We understand that Mr. W. M. Rossetti contemplates publishing a selection from the letters addressed to his broth-

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er, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the eminent painter-poet. The selection will contain many letters of great interest, including a remarkable series from Mr. Ruskin.

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Mrs. Henry Norman, in the course of a speech made at the Pioneer Club, in London, a few weeks ago, gave the names of the writers whose books, in her opinion, circulated best at the libraries. These were: Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, Anthony Hope, Crockett, Quiller-Couch, and Weyman. Mrs. Norman enthusiastically praised the works of George Gissing. Again we take occasion to remark how inadequate is the meagre appreciation of Mr. Quiller-Couch's work on this side of the Atlantic. His great popularity at home and the indifference to his work in America seem a strange anomaly to his friends and admirers. Mr. Quiller-Couch's discursive literary papers, which have attracted wide attention in *The Speaker*, have been gathered into a volume and entitled *Adventures in Criticism*, a review of which appears on another page.

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Mr. Quiller Couch is a warm admirer of Mr. Shan F. Bullock, whose novel of Irish life, *By Thrasna River*, has been so enthusiastically praised in England. Mr. Bullock has been hard at work since the appearance of this volume last autumn, and has two new books ready. One is a volume of short stories of the Irish peasantry, and will be called *Ring o' Rushes;* the other is a novel which Mr. Bullock describes as "a seaside comedy," and is entitled *The Charmer*. Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden recently issued an American edition of *By Thrasna River*. *Ring o' Rushes* will be published shortly by Messrs. Stone and Kimball.

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We thought that the myth regarding the identity of the authorship and the hypothetical translation of Mark Twain's historical fiction about Joan of Arc was exploded long ago; but we find the following amusing *bona fide* statement in the London *Sketch* of June 3d, under its caption "The Literary Lounger":

"His duty has been to write a preface to a very free translation of Sieur Louis de Conte's *Personal Recollections of the Maid*. I am not sure that Mark Twain is an ideal editor for such a book, but I am certain that his enthusiasm for Joan of Arc is very sincere, and that he writes as if this pilgrimage to her shrine was one of the most enjoyable events of his life. . . . The translator has given a very readable version of the story."

❀

The scene of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* has already become a literary shrine. In the vestry of Logiealmond (Drumtochty) Free Church there now lies a "Visitors' Book," and a correspondent finds that fifty had signed it during the month of May from places so far apart as Belfast, Leeds, Edinburgh, Australia, Cape Colony, and America. The fact that so many admirers of Ian Maclaren had found their way to the place thus early in the summer gives some indication of the numbers that may be expected when the tourists' season has fully begun.

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The death of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, which took place in her home at Hartford, Conn., on July 1st, was not wholly unexpected. Even as she was passing away these words by Mrs. James T. Fields were being printed: "She has become 'like a little child,' wandering about, pleased with flowers, fresh air, the sound of a piano, or a voice singing hymns, but the busy, inspiring spirit is asleep. Gradually she is fading away, shrouded in this strange mystery, hovered over by the untiring affection of her children; sweet and tender in her decadence, but 'absent.'" Through the courtesy of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* we are permitted to publish simultaneously several extracts from a paper entitled "Days with Mrs. Stowe," by Mrs. Fields, which will be incorporated in her book of reminiscences to be published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company in the autumn. It was at Florence, just after the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that Mrs. Fields first met Mrs. Stowe, and she recalls the faint thrill of surprise she felt when a voice said to her, "There is Mrs. Stowe." "She was a small woman, and her pretty curling hair and far-away dreaming eyes, and her way of becoming occupied in what interested her until she forgot everything else for the time, all these I first began to see and understand as I gazed after her retreating figure.

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"Mrs. Stowe's personal appearance has received scant justice and no mercy

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From a crayon by Richmond, made in England in 1853. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published March 20, 1852.

at the hand of the photographer. She says herself, during her triumphal visit to England after the publication of *Uncle Tom:* 'The general topic of remark on meeting me seems to be that I am not so bad looking as they were afraid I was; and I do assure you, when I have seen the things that are put up in the shop windows here with my name under them, I have been lost in wondering imagination at the boundless loving kindness of my English and Scottish friends in keeping up such a warm heart for such a Gorgon. I should think that the Sphinx in the London Museum might have sat for most of them. I am going to make a collection of these portraits to bring home to you. There is a great variety of them, and they will be useful, like the Irishman's guide board which showed "where the road did not go."' I remember once accompanying her to a reception at a well-known house in Boston, where, before the evening was over, the hostess drew me aside, saying, 'Why did you never tell me that Mrs. Stowe was beautiful?' And indeed when I observed her in the full ardour of conversation, with her heightened colour, her eyes shining and awake, but filled with great softness, her abundant curling hair rippling naturally about her head and falling a little at the sides (as in the accompanying portrait by Richmond), I quite agreed with the lady of the house. Nor was that the first time her beauty had been revealed to me; but she was seldom seen to be beautiful by the great world, and the pleasure of this recognition was very great to those who loved her.

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"She was never afflicted with a personal consciousness of her reputation, nor was she trammelled by it. The sense that a great work had been accomplished through her only made her more humble, and her shy, absent-minded ways were continually throwing her admirers into confusion. Later in life (when her failing powers made it impossible for her to speak as one living in a world which she seemed to have left far behind) she was accosted, I was told, in the garden of her country retreat, in the twilight one evening, by a good old retired sea-captain, who was her neighbour for the time.

"'When I was younger,' said he respectfully, holding his hat in his hand while he spoke, 'I read with a great deal of satisfaction and instruction *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* The story impressed me very much, and I am happy to shake hands with you, Mrs. Stowe, who wrote it.' 'I did not write it,' answered the white-haired old lady gently, as she shook the captain's hand. 'You didn't?' he ejaculated in amazement. 'Why, who did, then?' 'God wrote it,' she replied simply. 'I merely did His dictation.' 'Amen,' said the captain reverently as he walked thoughtfully away.

"This was the expression in age of what lay at the foundation of her life. She always spoke and behaved as if she

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recognised herself to be an instrument breathed upon by the Divine Spirit.

❀

"It was my good fortune to be in Mrs. Stowe's company once in Rome when she came unexpectedly face to face with an exhibition of the general feeling of reverence and gratitude toward herself. We had gone together to the room of the Brothers Castellani, the world-famous workers in gold. The collection of antique gems and the beautiful reproductions of them were new to us. Mrs. Stowe was full of enthusiasm, and we lingered long over the wonderful things which the brothers brought forward to show. Among them was the head of an Egyptian slave carved in black onyx. It was an admirable work of art, and while we were enjoying it one of the brothers said to Mrs. Stowe, 'Madam, we know what you have been to the poor slave. We are ourselves but poor slaves still in Italy —you feel for us—will you keep this gem as a slight recognition of what you have done?' She took the jewel in silence, but when we looked for some response, her eyes were filled with tears and it was impossible for her to speak.

Harriet Beecher Stowe
1896

From an inscribed photograph given to a friend a few weeks before her death.

❀

"In the summer of 1869 there was a pleasant home at St. John's Wood, in London, which possessed peculiar attractions. Other houses were as comfortable to look at, other hedges were as green, other drawing-rooms were gayer, but this was the home of George Eliot, and, on Sunday afternoons, the resort of those who desired the best that London had to give. Here it was that George Eliot told us of her admiration and deep regard—her affection for Mrs. Stowe. Her reverence and love were expressed with such tremulous sincerity that the speaker won our hearts by her love for our friend. Many letters had already passed between Mrs. Stowe and herself, and she confided to us her amusement at a fancy Mrs. Stowe had taken that Casaubon in *Middlemarch* was drawn from the character of Mr. Lewes. Mrs. Stowe took it so entirely for grant-

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ed in her letters that it was impossible to dispossess her mind of the illusion. Evidently it was the source of much harmless household amusement at St. John's Wood. I find in Mrs. Stowe's letters some pleasant allusions to this correspondence. She writes: 'We were all full of George Eliot when your note came, as I had received a beautiful letter from her in answer to one I wrote from Florida. She is a noble, true woman, and if anybody doesn't see it, so much the worse for *them*, and not her.'

❀

"This friendship was one that greatly enlisted Mrs. Stowe's sympathies and enriched her life. Her interest in any woman who was supporting herself, and especially in any one who found a daily taskmaster in the pen, and above all, when, as in this case, the woman was one possessed of great moral aspiration half paralyzed in its action by finding itself in an anomalous and (to the world in general) utterly incomprehensible position, such a woman was like a magnet to Mrs. Stowe. She inherited from her father a faith in the divine power of sympathy which only waxed greater with years and experience. Wherever she found a fellow-mortal suffering trouble or dishonour, in spite of hindrance her feet were turned that way. The genius of George Eliot and the contrasting elements of her life and character drew Mrs. Stowe to her side in sisterly solicitude. Her attitude, her sweetness, her sincerity could not fail to win the heart of George Eliot. They became loving friends."

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Mrs. Stowe's letters to Mrs. Fields are full of charming passages. We have only space for two selections: "I think a uniform edition of Dr. Holmes's works would be a good thing. Next to Hawthorne he is our most exquisite writer, and in many passages he goes far beyond him. What is the dear doctor doing? If you know any book good to inspire dreams and visions, put it into my box. My husband chews endlessly a German cud. I must have English. Has the French book on Spiritualism come yet? If it has, put it in. . . ." "I hate to leave my calm isle of Patmos, where the world is not, and I have such quiet long hours for writing. Emerson could *insulate* himself here and keep his electricity. Hawthorne ought to have lived in an orange grove in Florida. . . ."

❀

It was a strange contrast, and one at variance with her natural taste, which brought her before the public as a reader of her own stories in the autumn and winter of 1872–73. She was no longer able to venture on the effort of a long story, and yet it was manifestly unwise for her to forego the income which was extended to her through this channel. On the day when she was to give her first reading in Boston, at the Tremont Temple, Mrs. Fields says: "She called me into her bedroom, where she was standing before the mirror with her short gray hair, which usually lay in soft curls around her brow, brushed erect and standing stiffly. 'Look here, my dear,' she said, 'now I am exactly like my father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, when he was going to preach,' and she held up her forefinger warningly. It was easy to see that the spirit of the old preacher was revived in her veins. . . . That reading was a great success. She was alive in every fibre of her being; she was to read portions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to men, women, and children who could hardly understand the crisis which inspired it, and she determined to effect the difficult task of making them feel as well as hear. With her presence and inspiration, they could not fail to understand what her words had signified to the generation that had passed through the struggle of our war. When her voice was not sufficient to make the audience hear, men and women rose from their seats and crowded round her, standing gladly, that no word might be lost. It was the last leap of the flame which had burned out a great wrong."

❀

The following letter, highly characteristic of the Autocrat, was received, in 1864, with a copy of a short poem, in the handwriting of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and signed by him, to be sold at a great sanitary fair which was then in operation. The letter, which is printed now for the first time, was discovered too late to be included in the *Life and Letters*, a fact which Mr. Morse keenly regretted:

MY DEAR SIR: The mere mechanical labour imposed in answering the numerous applications from various parts of the country takes up so much of my time that I think I do pretty well if I get off my batch of autographs, and answer my inde-

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fatigable and interminable female correspondents, so as to be clear of dead and unburied letters at the week's end. I have been slightly prostrated with a mild autographic fever for some weeks. Within a few days it has put on a malignant aspect. It was only a slight efflorescent affair which played about the surface at first, but now it is striking in and aims at the vitals. In short, I am now besieged for *original* communications, from different quarters, all at once, remorselessly, and if I do not yield at once, persistently, I should be false to my country, and to my duty if I killed the goose that is laying golden eggs for the good cause every day. If I should attempt to answer these requests for original communications, it would be the death of me, I am sure. Now I am writing autographs for my country at such a rate, that I am quite satisfied the income from this source alone (that is, their sale at innumerable fairs) must be an important item in the resources of the Sanitary Association.

I have several other reasons why I feel that I ought not to be urged on this point, which I will briefly classify under their several heads.

First,——

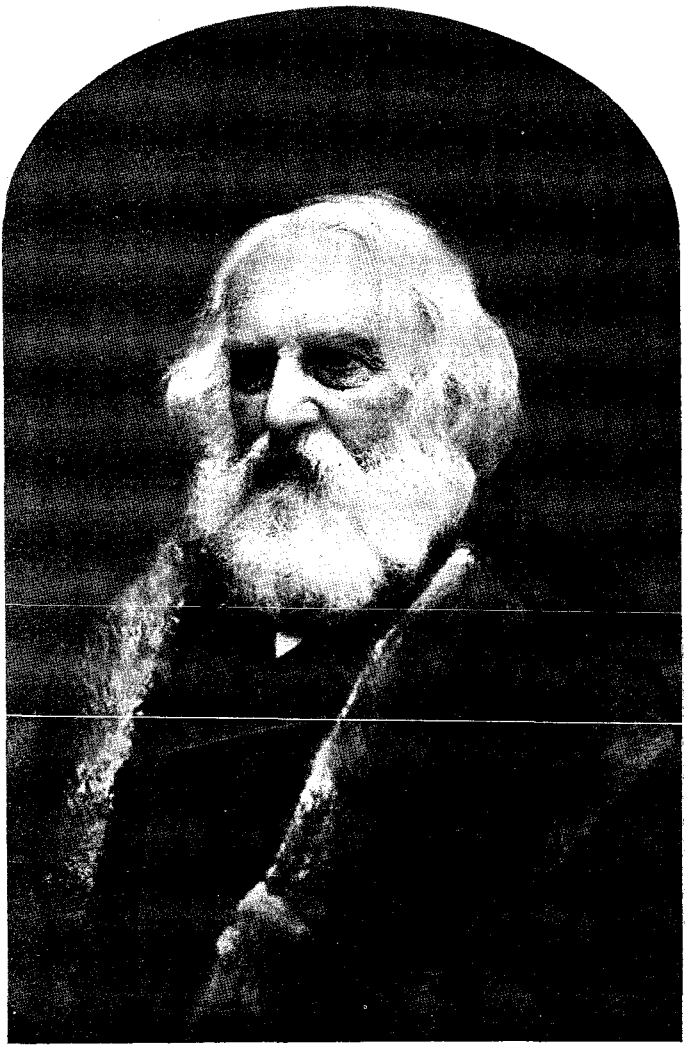
Excuse me, my dear sir, but a sudden demand upon me for a gross and a half of autographs "with sentiments," by return mail, compels me to relinquish my enumeration of the reasons, which, I am sure, you would have found convincing.

I will, however, promise that as soon as my new autographic, automatic arrangement is completed, by which the enormous labour of the manual fabrication of signatures can be transferred to machinery, I will send you the first instalment of a story to be called—*St. Sebastian in the 19th Century; or, The Sufferings of a Living Target.*

Yours respectfully,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BOSTON, January 28, 1864.



Henry W. Longfellow

W. Longfellow died on March 24, 1882, and just a month previous this photograph, upon which the poet inscribed his name, was handed to a friend who was then visiting him. It is believed to be the last photograph the poet had taken.

❀

The July number of *McClure's Magazine* contains an interesting number of portraits of Longfellow, ranging from childhood to old age. We have the pleasure of adding to the list a portrait that has never before been given. Henry

❀

The author of that vigorous romance, *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, is at work on an historical novel which will not be published until the autumn of next year, as it will first appear in serial form. Mr. Mason's last novel, a notice

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of which appeared in the July BOOKMAN, is so great an advance on his first story, called *A Romance of Wastdale*, that his future is looked forward to with confident expectation. We understand that the English publishers, Messrs. A. D. Innes and Company, have great hopes of the success of his forthcoming work.

❀

We have had the privilege of reading an early copy of Dr. Richard Garnett's new translation of one hundred and twenty-four sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens, which is dedicated to Professor Charles Eliot Norton, "the first commentator in English on the *Vita Nuova*." Dr. Garnett's scholarship and fine poetic tastes have again been demonstrated in his choice translation of some of the very finest of the poems written in honour of the three immortal ladies, Beatrice, Laura, and Caternia. The volume will be published shortly by Messrs. Copeland and Day.

❀

Mr. Guy Boothby will publish in the autumn a new volume of short stories, entitled *Bushigrams*.

❀

Mr. Henry Sandham is preparing a number of illustrations for a fine edition of Browning's poem, *Pippa Passes*, to be issued by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, the authorised publishers of Browning in this country, have given their sanction to this separate edition.

❀

We understand that Mr. W. M. Meredith, Mr. George Meredith's son, who is now a partner in the publishing house of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company, has purchased from Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden the copyright of his father's book, *The Tragic Comedians*. The new edition of Mr. Meredith's works which the Messrs. Constable are printing will be published in America by Messrs. Charles Scribner and Sons. There will be thirty-four volumes, and the American edition will number one thousand sets.

❀

Concerning this new edition, it is said that Mr. Meredith is now busily engaged with the revision of his novels; that he has taken the "blue pencil" in hand with a vengeance; and that the new edition will be markedly different from the versions that have delighted and not infrequently puzzled us for a generation. This is dreadful news. That Mr. Meredith should be so far left to himself in his old age as actually to fall upon his own writings is hardly to be conceived. It is quite certain that any changes he will make will be for the worse. He becomes more perverse and tortuous as he grows older, and the chances are that he will ruthlessly destroy whatever is fresh, vital, and immediate in his best work. The poem "Love in a Valley," originally issued in the 1851 volume, is perhaps the finest love poem in the English language. It appeared some years ago translated into Meredithese with the charm and beauty utterly gone. Those who care for Mr. Meredith should hasten by all means to complete their sets from the present edition. On the other hand, it would be a very great service if Mr. Meredith were to write introductions and a few notes to his books, which are full of problems that he only can solve.

❀

Miss Ethel Reed, whose very original and daring flights of imagination in poster and pictorial work have given her a wide fame, is spending her first summer in Paris. We shall be curious to see whether French art will have had any influence upon Miss Reed's work after she returns. Miss Reed has already several commissions on hand for the autumn.

❀

In 1865 four lads occupied the same room on the ground-floor of the first division of Cadet Barracks at West Point. Since then they have made their names more or less well known in current American literature. They are Captain Charles King, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, John Brisben Walker, and Richard Henry Savage.

❀

We have received from a well-known firm of bicycle manufacturers a circular from which we cull the following paragraphs as belonging to the higher walks of scientific advertising. It was sent to us as an individual writer, and not as an Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

"Appreciating the benefit which would result, both to ourselves and to you, we want to make you a proposition which will enable you to pay us part of the price of a ——— bicycle in a way which will be easy to you, as a writer, and at the same time of full value to us.

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"If you will write an article which would be worth $25, according to your usual rates, on any subject connected with bicycling, and bringing in the ——— bicycle in particular, and will have it published in the best medium convenient to you for the purpose, we will allow you for this published article $25 on the price of any one of our ——— bicycles for your own use, or of any member of your immediate family. Of course if you can have your article published in some leading magazine, or other periodical of the highest class, such as the ——— ———, or the ——— ———, it would be worth more to us than $25.

"We would have to stipulate that the bicycle be used by the person for whom it was bought, through the season of '96."

We give this notice as our own contribution toward bicycle literature, and we ask our readers to look with microscopic eye at all the bicycle articles that appear in the leading magazines during the next few months, with a view to determining how many literary men are working out $25 worth of bicycle advertising at the expense of unsuspecting editors. We note incidentally that the author of the circular does not know the difference between "would" and "should." If the bicycle man thinks that this paragraph is worth $25 to him he can send us his cheque for that amount, as we don't want one of his wheels. We may add that the whole business strikes us as rather low down and by no means flattering to the self-respect of American writers.

❀

He was a callow youth, fresh from college, and as he was supposed to know it all, he was considered an acquisition in the retail department of a well-known book-store in New York. His first encounter, however, with a customer shook the confidence of his proud employers. A young lady stepped up to him and asked to see *Pepys' Diary*. "We don't keep them," said the youth blandly, "but we have the *Excelsior*." Extremes meet, and the salesman in this same book-store who wrote down an order for the *Thoughts of Markus O'Relius* could scarcely boast of a college education. He was a college-bred youth, however, but unacquainted with the ways of business, who, when asked if he had seen *Bullinger's Guide* lying about, replied, "No;" then reflectively, "I can't say I remember having seen it in stock."

❀

Miss Maria Louise Pool has just published two new books, namely, *In a Dike Shanty* and *Mrs. Gerald*, which are reviewed on another page. Miss Pool's literary reputation was made long ago, and yet so long as she keeps sending out her delightful creations we are bound to take a fresh interest in the author. Born in the old Bay State and rooted in the soil until she reached womanhood, her models and heroes, like her ideals and tastes, were inspired and formed by the New England classic authors. She grew up with the long chain of illustrious names which for twenty years made the *Atlantic Monthly* the star of the magazine world. Her first book, *A Vacation in a Buggy*, is a collection of letters which were originally contributed to the New York *Evening Post*. Their peculiar flavour and freshness of humour attracted the attention of the Messrs. Putnam, at whose solicitation the author made of them a bright and charming little book. Soon after this, although not her next work, *Dally* was written, and in-

Sincerely yours Maria Louise Pool.

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creased her audience; then in succession appeared *Roweny in Boston*, *Mrs. Keats Bradford*, *The Two Salomes*, *Katharine North*, and *Out of Step*, while last year we had from her pen *Against Human Nature*. It was during several seasons spent in the South and among the Carolina mountains that she gathered her material for her "poor mountain white" stories, *Dally* and *Against Human Nature*. Miss Pool succeeds best when she is writing about New England life and character. Her long residence in Massachusetts has imparted to her work the subtle atmosphere of her environment, insomuch that it is a common occurrence to be told that if you want to know New England you must go to the stories of Miss Pool.

❀

A correspondent relates the following interesting facts having reference to Mr. Crockett's recent novel of slum life, *Cleg Kelly*, and the sequel to *The Men of the Moss Hags*, upon which Mr. Crockett is now engaged:

"To one unacquainted with the early life of the Penicuik pastor, Mr. Crockett's minute acquaintance with tenement 'lands,' newsboy life, and the dialect of the street seems incredible.

"In a conversation with Mr. Crockett when Cleg Kelly as a novel hero was only a predestined possibility, he told me something of his plans. First of all, he assured me that Cleg was a very human being, and though he might idealise him somewhat, he would in the main be true to his life and surroundings. On close questioning I discovered that Cleg and Mr. Crockett had once been old chums. The acquaintance was formed during the latter's freshman year at Edinburgh University, when he lived in one of those tall 'lands' overlooking the Grass-market on the meagre allowance of ten shillings a week. I like to fancy Cleg dropping in on Mr. Crockett after one of his encounters with the 'Drabble,' and relating his experiences over the bowl of oatmeal and bread that they shared together. It is interesting to learn that 'Mr. Kelly' is now a prosperous farmer in Canada, and Mr. Crockett—well, he tells a delightful story!

"The *Stickit Minister* is characterised by this same reminiscent realism, and Mr. Crockett stated that every vital point in *The Raiders* and *The Lilac Sunbonnet* could be verified in the historical manuscripts of Galloway. He goes about his work deliberately, keeping two searchers constantly at work among old records in pursuit of interesting episodes and historical tragedies.

"At present he is in Holland visiting a friend and working on his new novel, which is to be a sequel in time to his *Men of the Moss-Hags*. It is a story of the Scotch exiles in Holland from 1865 to 1702, and, like *The Raiders*, is to be full of fighting, though essentially a love-story."

❀

In answer to a number of inquiries which have reached us concerning the publication of Mr. Clement K. Shorter's important work on the Brontës, we may say that Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will be the publishers in America. The book is to be entitled *The Brontës and their Circle*, and it is safe to say that since Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* appeared no book has been written about the Brontës that can compare in interest and value with Mr. Shorter's work.

❀

The autobiography of Augustus J. C. Hare, which the author has been engaged upon for a number of years, is at last to see the light in the autumn. It will probably occupy four volumes, and the first two volumes are promised for September. Needless to add that this monumental work has been anticipated for a long time with exceeding great interest. It is to be entitled *The Story of My Life*, and will be illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and photogravures. It will also be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

❀

A book of fascinating interest to playgoers and lovers of music may be looked for in the *Memoirs of Signor Arditi*. It will be embellished with numerous portraits and fac-similes of autographs, and will be published in the early autumn by the same firm.

❀

Mr. Gilbert Parker has recently completed the manuscript of a new short serial story entitled *Cumner's Son*. Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company have nearly ready his new novel, *The Pomp of the Lavilettes*.

❀

Mr. Stopford Brooke, we are glad to hear, has been sufficiently well to arrange for the publication of a volume of sermons in the autumn dealing with Old Testament subjects. He has not as yet done anything at his projected work on Browning, which will be a companion to his justly popular book on Tennyson.

❀

Mr. Louis Becke, whose new novel, *A First Fleet Family*, written in collaboration with Walter Jeffery, is noticed on another page, is of Australian parentage. At the age of fourteen it is said that a rage for the sea made it impossible to keep him at

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home, so the boy and a brother two years older were sent by an uncle to a mercantile house in California. Reaching Honolulu after an adventurous passage, the boys had little taste for a merchant's office, and while the older became a cattle ranchman, Louis stuck to the sea and obtained a berth as clerk on a steamship trading with southern ports. From his subsequent trading operations much of the material to be found in *By Reef and Palm*, *The Ebbing of the Tide*, and other of his works, has been gathered. Mr. Becke is at present living on *terra firma* in Australia with his wife and two children. Like Mr. Joseph Conrad, he is one of the few men who have led a singularly adventurous life and have the culture and capacity to rehearse it in fiction. Mr. Becke's knowledge of life in the Pacific islands, as shown in his works, is well authenticated, being based on personal observation and experience.

❀

Mr. William Canton, author of *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V. : Her Book and Various Verses*, which has just been published, and was reviewed in our last number, has been happily styled the "Laureate of the Nursery." Mr. Barrie has written of this new book in his characteristic way: "A touch of the exquisite is over it all. My mouth waters to go a-walking with W. V., and I have several things I want to tell her. The one hair in the pen that would have turned her into a prig is never there—not the shadow of it. There is no doubt at all about the book being literature." Mr. Canton was born fifty years ago in the island of Chusan on the seacoast of China. He spent his youth on the island of Jamaica, and was educated in sunny France, where he came under the influence of Victor Hugo. He finished his education in England, and engaging in literary work, received an appointment as editor of the Glasgow *Weekly Herald*, followed subsequently by a sub-editorship on the staff of the daily *Herald*. In 1891 he moved again to London to succeed Mr. John Nicoll, whose death left vacant the literary managership of the publishing house of Messrs. Isbister and Company. He became assistant editor of *The Contemporary Review* and *Good Words*, and has recently added to his numerous duties the editorship also of the *Sunday Magazine*. We hope that Mr.

With kind regards believe
very truly
Will Canton

Canton will not allow the demands of journalism to crowd out the claims which literature undoubtedly has upon him. How much reality there is in his latest sketch we do not know, and perhaps it is a part of its charm that it invites the reader's co-operation, allowing him at pleasure to expand W. V. (as little H. C. in Wordsworth's loveliest lines) into some actual child life, or to keep the letters for fairyland.

❀

In last month's *Harper's*, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner makes some particularly sensible and timely remarks about the prevalent propensity of every one who enjoys literature to have a try at making it; and he points out very forcibly that the capacity to enjoy and the capacity to create are two quite different things, and by no means necessarily concomitant. On the other hand, the ability to enjoy what is good is, he continues, a distinct and a very valuable gift, and one to be thankful for. Too

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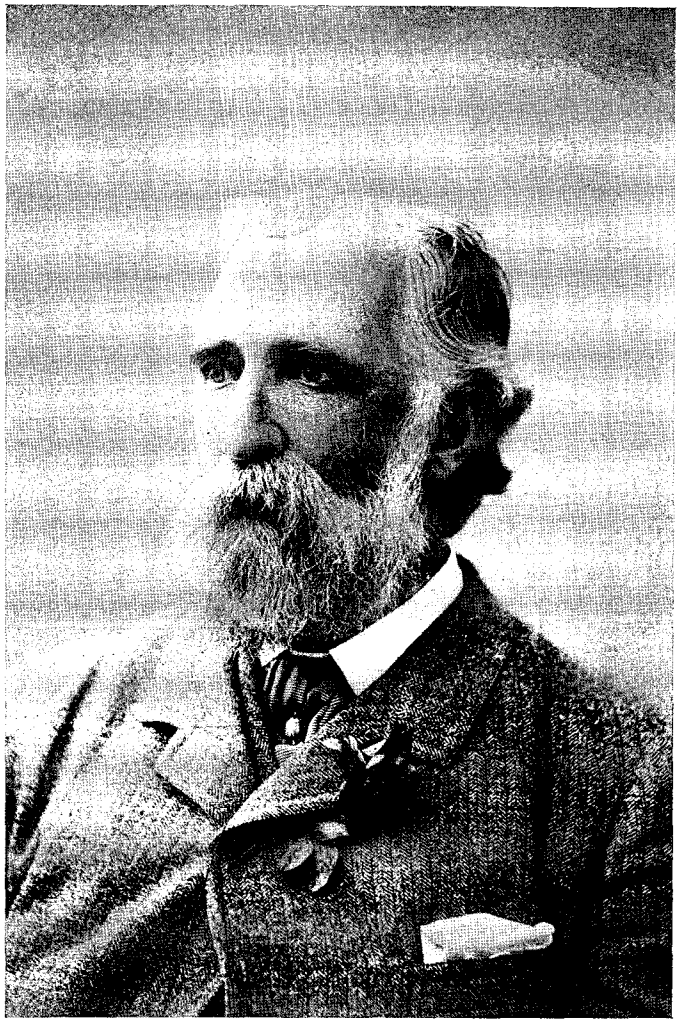

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

many persons are dissatisfied with mere enjoyment, and themselves rush into the literary arena.

"It has got about that writing is easy, that it can be, with favour and good luck, profitable, and that success in it requires no special gift and no laborious training such as would be necessary to make an engineer or a watchmaker or a teacher. An 'impulse' is all that is needed. If parents would only reflect that the ability to enjoy good literature is a high gift and well worth cultivating for itself, for the enjoyment it will bring in life, for the elevation of the tone of society, they might save their offspring many bitter disappointments and the world much written trash . . . The truth is that everybody ought to try to know something, to learn to enjoy literature, to take into his life the great ideas of all time, and to keep silent for a number of years to come. What is wanted in this era of its development is not writers, but discriminating readers."

❀

Mr. Warner is himself doing something just at present to provide a literary standard for those whose taste in reading is still unformed, and to give an admirable object lesson in the differentiation of what is intrinsically good in literature from what is wholly ephemeral and cheap and showy. In the great thirty-volume work that he is editing for Messrs. J. A. Hill and Company, of this city, he is building a sort of literary Pantheon wherein shall be set the masterpieces of those alone who stand for something sound and strong and wholesome. No living American is so well qualified to carry out this plan with breadth of vision and sanity of judgment; and, we may add, not many would possess the courage to attempt the task. For it is one thing to exalt or abase those who are dead and gone and whom the consensus of criticism has already labelled and ticketed and tucked away in the proper niches of the world's great *columbarium;* it is quite another to deal fearlessly with living authors whose friends write for the newspapers, and who have themselves active and acrimonious pens. In his Rhadamanthine task Mr. Warner has, to be sure, the aid and co-operation of an Advisory Board of fifteen specialists, all eminent in their respective departments; but in the end it is always around the devoted head of the chief editor that the paper bullets are found most viciously to zip.

❀

Said one to us the other day, more complimentary than wise, "Fine maga-

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zine, THE BOOKMAN—good stroke, too, your securing James Russell Lowell for editor." "Why," we exclaimed aghast, "Lowell died some years ago. What put that into your head?" "Well," was the triumphant rejoinder, "haven't you got his name on the cover?"

❀

A singularly original and powerful story of Scottish life, entitled *The Green Graves of Balgowrie*, by Jane H. Findlater, is announced for early publication. A new writer whose power of characterisation is said by eminent English critics to surpass that of such masters of the art as Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, and Mrs. Oliphant, promises a new sensation, and we shall have something to say of the author and her work in our next issue.

❀

We cheerfully print the following communication from Mr. William Le Queux, whose novels of adventure, *Zoraida* and *The Temptress*, recently published by the Frederick Stokes Company, have made him widely known to American readers:

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.

SIRS: Will you kindly spare space for the ventilation of a grievance? Although some years have now passed since my work fell into the hands of "pirate" publishers on your side of the Atlantic, I have refrained from complaining, because I had no remedy. The most recent piece of sharp practice on the part of a New York firm with regard to one of my books may, however, be of interest to some of my brother authors who are fellow-sufferers. In 1891 Messrs. Routledge published my book, *Guilty Bonds*, but did not secure copyright in the United States. Mr. P. F. Collier, of New York, however, reprinted it in 1892 after asking my permission and generously sending me a cheque as some slight acknowledgment. In 1893 two cheap "pirated" editions appeared, one printed in Chicago and the other in New York, while in San Francisco it was seized by a newspaper and run as a serial. From that time I heard nothing more of new editions of the book on your side. A week ago, however, there reached me from New York a copy of this book in a cloth dollar edition, bearing on the back of its title-page the words: "Copyright, 1895, R. F. Fenno & Company," while on the title-page itself is a list of my most recent books.

A bogus copyright notice of this sort must mislead both trade and public, and as I am given to understand that this, my earlier and I fear very inferior work, is being sold in America as my latest book to the detriment of those issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, my American publishers, I ask you to kindly publish this letter. I have carefully examined Messrs. Fenno's "copyright edition," but can find absolutely nothing upon which they can claim copyright. There are no illustrations, and so far as I can see not a single word has been altered. It is sufficiently annoying to British authors to find their work pirated in any fashion, but when one's earliest efforts, betraying the crudity of the tyro, are hawked about as one's "new book," it is, I think, time to protest.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM LE QUEUX.
WARNHAM, SUSSEX, ENGLAND, June 9, 1896.

❀

Mr. James Lane Allen, whose recently published *Summer in Arcady* is having a rapid sale, has just gone off to the Maine coast for a two months' vacation, where he will finish his revision of *John Gray*, to be reissued by the Macmillan Company at the beginning of September. It is noteworthy that *A Kentucky Cardinal*, which was published about a year and a half ago, has just passed into its seventeenth thousand, and that *Aftermath*, the second part, has been selling, since its appearance last Christmas, at the rate of sixteen hundred copies a month. The figures are remarkable in view of the fact that both books take rank among the quieter volumes of *belles lettres*, and make no appeal to the restless, morbid spirit of the time.

❀

Mrs. Meynell, whose work in criticism is reviewed on another page, is one of the most graceful and accomplished prose writers of the day, and she has, besides, a true poetical gift. Mr. Francis Thompson, whose recondite, beautiful, and stately poetry attracted so much attention two years ago, was discovered, as the phrase goes, by Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Meynell. Mr. Meynell is the editor of a Roman Catholic weekly periodical called *The Register*, and in this journal Mr. Thompson's poems first began to appear. The delightful home of the Meynells is well known to members of the London literary world, and to others from over the seas. Mr. Bliss Carman, who recently returned from Europe, spent some pleasant hours in their home this summer, and Mr. Meynell has just contributed an appreciative account of Mr. Carman and his poetry in the London *Sketch*. Mr. Thompson's delightful poem, entitled *Sister Songs: an Offering to Two Sisters*, is intended for the beautiful little daughters of his generous friends, whose home proved a haven of rest to him in a troubled time—Monica Mary Meynell and Madeleine

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(Sylvia) Mary Meynell. Mr. Coventry Patmore has an especially profound admiration for Mrs. Meynell's work ; when she appeared in *The Rhythm of Life* he did not hesitate to declare her "a woman of genius, one who I am bound to confess has falsified the assertion I made some time ago that no female writer of our time had attained to true 'distinction.'" The sonnet printed on page 519 is from her little volume of *Poems*, and Rossetti (who knew it by heart) said that it was one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women. The emotional power of this sonnet is undeniable. "I know no nobler or more beautiful sonnet," Mr. William Sharp has written of it in his *Sonnets of the Century*. "Renouncement" is a deep, moving expression, simple, poignant, final, of a tragedy constant to the human heart ; a cry from the deeps equal to the very best of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and much finer than most of them.

❀

Mr. Ruskin's *Letters on the Lord's Prayer*, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, will contain additional letters from clergymen to those which appeared in the previous editions. This book has been out of print for a number of years, and a new edition will therefore be welcomed.

❀

Father Tabb has to be congratulated upon the singular success which has attended the publication of his little book of *Poems* issued a little over a year ago by Messrs. Copeland and Day. Mr. Wilson, of the University Press, declares that with one exception never in so short a time have they had to print so many copies of a first book by an American poet. The exception was Emily Dickinson ; and it is a curious coincidence that Father Tabb should have said recently that "of late American poets there is none worthy to go down to posterity except Miss Dickinson." This little volume of *Poems* is now in its fifth edition, and another collection will probably be issued by Father Tabb next spring.

❀

A reader sends us a letter to inquire innocently whether, in the Dewey-Reid correspondence that we printed last month, it was Mr Dewey or Mr. Reid who experienced the Annihilation. We greatly enjoy the facetiousness of our correspondent. He is, in good sooth, a Merry Man.

❀

A lady of a critical and linguistic turn writes us the following letter :

"Since grammatical errors are under discussion, what can be said for Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll in his article upon Mark Rutherford in the July BOOKMAN? In the last paragraph there occurs the clause, 'that none but he could have written.' Surely, the pronoun should have the objective form *him* governed by the preposition *but*."

We are inclined to think that if Dr. Nicoll were questioned he would explain the word *but*, not as a preposition, but as an adverb equivalent to "only"—a common enough usage, though it appears to have escaped our correspondent's recollection.

❀

Mr. S. S. McClure, the enterprising proprietor of *McClure's Magazine*, meditates a very important new departure. He thinks that the public are beginning to be wearied of black and white, and proposes to make experiments in coloured illustrations. For this purpose he has arranged to publish a life of Christ, which will probably be written by Ian Maclaren or Mr. S. R. Crockett, in his magazine, and he is travelling in Egypt and Palestine making arrangements for the pictures. An immense sum is to be sunk in the hope of securing thoroughly satisfactory reproductions. If Mr. McClure succeeds, no doubt others will have to follow in his track, and a new terror will be added to magazine publishing.

❀

The late Anson D. F. Randolph, whose death is announced as we go to press, was for more than a generation a well-known publisher in New York ; but it is especially as a bookseller that he will be remembered. His personality was a strongly marked and interesting one, and for years he was regarded by the bookselling fraternity as a representative man in his profession. Himself a writer, he had a keen sympathy with authors and their work, and he persisted in regarding bookselling as a profession rather than as a trade, even

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when the inevitable tendency of things seemed to be against his cherished ideals.

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The articles on South Africa and its politics which Olive Schreiner has been contributing to the *Fortnightly Review* are to be collected and published in volume form during the forthcoming autumn season. Messrs. Roberts Brothers will be the American publishers.

❀

Maarten Maartens, who is at present on a visit to England, has completed a short story of 20,000 words.

THE LOTUS-EATERS—L'ENVOI.

(*To follow the "Choric Song" in Tennyson's poem.*)

So sang those ocean-weary heroes old,
  Drowsed with the drench of lotus in their brain
That drowned their passion for adventure bold
  And made them count all high endeavour vain,
  And every pleasure save quiescence pain.
They loved the fading images of things
  Dear long ago, but wished them not again ;
Lax love !—without desire, whence only springs
The spirit that in man is as the gift of wings.

They wove themselves a climate out of dream,
  They feigned themselves a valley wholly fair,
They lulled with lotus every lapsing stream,
  They hung and hushed each cataract in air ;
  All sights, all sounds, they charmed to softness there.
There should be found no trouble, no annoy,
  Not vexing hope, as surely not despair,
Nothing but ease, ease unperturbed with joy,
One long, long trance of ease, deep ease without alloy.

But not the lotus, leaf and bloom, full feast,
  Could sate those feasters' senses and their soul,
To dull the dolorous sound that never ceased,
  Grew rather, in their ears—a sound of dole,
  Monotonous like the melancholy roll
Of Ocean ever breaking on his shore ;
  Doom, couchant doom, moaned for them at the goal,
And something after life was yet in store,
The dreadful chance of ill to last forevermore !

William Cleaver Wilkinson.

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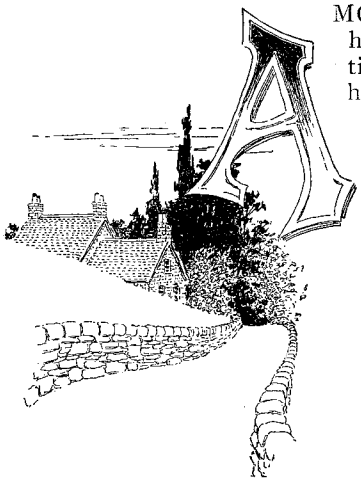
KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER XV.

JOINT POTENTATES.



MONG all the houses in a Scottish parish the homeliest and kindliest is the manse, for to its door some time in the year comes every inhabitant, from the laird to the cottar woman. Within the familiar and old-fashioned study, where the minister's chair and writing-table could not be changed without discomposing the parish, and where there are fixed degrees of station, so that the laird has his chair and the servant lass hers, the minister receives and does his best for all the folk committed to his charge. Here he consults with the factor about some improvement in the arrangements of the little commonwealth, he takes counsel with a farmer about his new lease and promises to say a good word to his lordship, he confirms the secret resolution of some modest gifted lad to study for the holy ministry, he hears the shamefaced confession of some lassie whom love has led astray, he gives good advice to a son leaving the Glen for the distant dangerous world, he comforts the mother who has received bad news from abroad. Generations have come in their day to this room, and generations still unborn will come in their joys and sorrows, with their trials and their affairs, while the manse stands and human life runs its old course. And when, as was the case with Dr. Davidson in Drumtochty, the minister is ordained to the parish in his youth, and, instead of hurrying hither and thither, preaching in vacancies, scheming and intriguing, he dwells all his days among his own people, he himself knows three generations, and accumulates a store of practical wisdom for the help of his people. What may be the place of the clergyman in an English parish, and what associations of sympathy and counsel the rectory may have for the English farm-labourer, it is not given to a northern man to know, but it is one good thing at least in our poor land that the manse is another word for guidance and good cheer, so that Jean advises Jock in their poor little perplexity about a new place to "slip doon an' see the Doctor," and Jock, although appearing to refuse, does "gie a cry at the manse," and comes home to the gude wife mightily comforted.

The manse builders of the ancient days were men of a shrewd eye and much wisdom. If anywhere the traveller in the north country sees a house peeping from among a clump of trees in the lap of a hill where the northeaster cannot come and the sun shines full and warm, then let him be sure that is the manse, with the kirk and God's acre close beside, and that the fertile little fields around are the glebe, which the farmers see are plowed and sown and reaped first in the parish. Drumtochty Manse lay beneath the main road, so that the cold wind blowing from the north went over its chimneys, and on the east it was sheltered by the Tochty woods. Southward it overlooked the fields that sloped toward the river, and westward, through some ancient trees, one study window had a peep of the west, although it was not given to the parish manse to lie of an evening in the glory of the setting sun, as did the Free Kirk. Standing at the gate and looking down beneath the beeches that stood as sentinels on either side of the little drive, one caught a pleasant glimpse of the manse garden, with its close-cut lawn and flower beds and old summer-house and air of peace. No one troubled the birds in that place, and they had grown shameless in their familiarity with dignities —a jackdaw having once done his best

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to steal the Doctor's bandana handkerchief and the robins settling on his hat. Irreverence has limits, and in justice to a privileged friend it ought to be explained that the Doctor wore on these occasions an aged wide-awake and carried no gold-headed stick. His dog used to follow him step by step as he fed the birds and pottered among the flowers, and then it always ended in the old man sitting down on a seat at the foot of the lawn, with Skye at his feet, and looking across the Glen where he had been born and where for nearly half a century he had ministered. Kate caught him once in this attitude, and was so successful in her sketch that some have preferred it to the picture in oils that was presented to the Doctor by the Presbytery of Muirtown, and was painted by an R.A. who spent a fortnight at the manse and departed with some marvellous heads, still to be identified in certain councillors and nobles of the past. Both are hanging in the same house now, far from Drumtochty, and there they call one "Public Capaucity" and the other "Private Capaucity," and you require to have seen both to know our kindly, much-loved Moderate.

"PRIVATE CAPAUCITY."

As John grew old with his master and mellowed, he would make believe to work close by, so that at times they might drop into talk, recalling names that had died out of the Glen, shrewd sayings that fell from lips now turned to dust, curious customs that had ceased forever, all in great charity. Then there would come a pause, and John would say, "Aye, aye," and go away to the bees. Under the influence of such reminiscences John used to become depressed, and gently prepare Rebecca for the changes that were not far off, when Drumtochty would have a new minister and a new beadle.

"The Doctor's failin', Becca, an' it's no tae be expeckit that a'll be lang aifter him; it wudna be fittin', an' a'm no wantin't. Aifter ye've carried the bukes afore ae minister for five and thirty year, ye're no anxious for a change; naebody 'ill ever come doon the kirkyaird like the Doctor, an' a' cudna brak ma step; na, na, there's no mony things a' michtna learn, but a' cudna brak ma step."

Rebecca went on with her dinner in silence; even capable men had weaknesses somewhere, and she was accustomed to those moralisings.

"A'm the auldest beadle in the Presbytery o' Muirtown—though a' say it as sudna—an' the higher the place the mair we 'ill hae tae answer for, Becca. Nae man can hold the poseetion a'm in without anxieties. Noo there wes the 'Eruption' in '43"—it could not be ignorance which made John cling to this word, and so we supposed that the word was adopted in the spirit of historical irony—"that wes a crisis. Did a' ever tell ye, Rebecca, that there wes juist ae beadle left the next morning tae cairry on the Presbytery of Muirtown?"

"Aye, forty times an' mair," replied that uncompromising woman, "an' it

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wud set ye better tae be servin' the Doctor's lunch than sit haverin' an' blawin' there."

No sane person in Drumtochty would have believed that any human being could dare to address John after this fashion, and it is still more incredible that the great man should have risen without a word and gone about his duty. Such a surprising and painful incident suggests the question whether a beadle or any other person in high position ought to be married, and so be exposed to inevitable familiarities. Hillocks took this view strongly in the kirkyard at the time of John's marriage—although neither he nor any one knew with how much reason—and he impressed the fathers powerfully.

"Becca cam frae Kilspindie Castle close on thirty year syne, and John's took the bukes aboot the same time; they've agreed no that ill for sic a creetical poseetion a' that time, him oot an' her in, an' atween them the Doctor's no been that ill-servit; they micht hae lat weel alane.

"She's no needin' a man tae keep her," and Hillocks proceeded to review the situation, "for Becca's hed a gude place, an' she disna fling awa' her siller on dress. As for John, a' canna mak him oot, for he gets his stockin's darned and his white stock dune as weel an' maybe better than if he wes mairried."

The kirkyard could see no solution of the problem, and Hillocks grew pessimistic.

"It 'ill be a doon-come tae him, a'm judgin', an' 'ill no be for the gude o' the pairish. He's never been crossed yet, an' he 'ill no tak weel wi' contradickin' . . . ."

"She wudna daur," broke in Whinny, "an' him the beadle."

"Ye ken little aboot weemen," retorted Hillocks, "for yir gude wife is by hersel' in the pairish, an' micht be a sanct; the maist o' them are a camsteary lot. A'm no sayin'," he summed up, "that Becca 'ill gie the beadle the word back or refuse to dae his biddin', but she 'ill be pittin' forrit her ain opeenions, an' that's no what he's been accustomed tae in Drumtochty."

They were married one forenoon in the study, with Drumsheugh and Domsie for witnesses—the address given by the Doctor could hardly be distinguished from an ordination charge—and John announced his intention of accompanying his master that afternoon to the General Assembly, while Rebecca remained in charge of the manse.

"It wudna be wise-like for us twa," explained the beadle, "tae be stravagin' ower the country for three or fower days like wild geese, but the pairish micht expect something. Noo, a've hed ma share o' a Presbytery an' a Synod, tae say naethin' o' Kirk Sessions, but a've never seen an Assembly.

"Gin ye cud get a place, a' wud spend ma time considering hoo the officer comes in, and hoo he lays doon the buke an' sic-like; a' micht get a hint," said John, with much modesty.

So John went alone for his wedding tour, and being solemnly introduced to Thomas, the chief of all beadles, discussed mysteries with him unto great edification; but he was chiefly impressed by the Clerk of the Free Kirk Assembly—into which he had wandered on an errand of exploration—who was a fiery-faced old gentleman with a stentorian voice and the heart of a little child.

"Ye never heard him cry, 'Officer, shut the door,' afore a vote?" he inquired of the Doctor. "Weel, ye've missed a real pleesure, sir; gin ye stude on Princes Street, wi' the wind frae the richt airt, ye micht hear him. A' never heard onything better dune: hoo ony man wi' sic a face and voice cud be content ootside the Auld Kirk passes me."

John was so enamoured of this performance that after much cogitation he unburdened his mind to the Doctor, and showed how such a means of grace might be extended to Drumtochty.

"Noo, if there wes nae objection in order, aifter he hed settled in the pulpit an' hed yir first snuff, ye micht say, 'Officer, shut the door.' Then a' wud close the kirk door deleeberately in sicht o' the hale congregation an' come back tae ma place, an' Peter Rattray himsel' wudna daur tae show his face aifter that. Ye hae the voice an' the manner, Doctor, an' it's no richt tae wyste them."

In public John defended the Doctor's refusal as a proof of his indulgence to the prodigals of the parish, but with his intimates he did not conceal his belief that the opportunity had been lost of bringing the service in Drumtochty Kirk to absolute perfection. John's own mind still ran on the mighty utterance, and so

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it came to pass that the question of mastery in the kitchen of the manse under the new *régime* was settled within a week after his ecclesiastical honeymoon.

"Rebecca"—this with a voice of thunder from the fireplace, where the beadle was reading the *Muirtown Advertiser*—"close the door."

The silence was so imperative that John turned round, and saw his spouse standing with a half-dried dish in her hand.

"Ma name is Rebecca," as she recovered her speech, "an' there's nae ither wumman in the hoose, but a'm judgin' ye werena speakin' tae me or"—with awful severity—"ye've made a mistak, an' the suner it's pit richt the better for baith you an' me an' the manse o' Drumtochty.

"For near thirty year ye've gane traivellin' in an' oot o' this kitchin withoot cleanin' yir feet, and ye've pit yir shoon on the fender, an' hung up yir weet coat on the back o' the door, an' commandit this an' that as if ye were the Doctor himsel', an' a' cud dae naethin', for ye were beadle o' Drumtochty.

"So a' saw there wes nae ither wy o't but tae mairry ye an' get some kind of order in the hoose; noo ye 'ill understand the poseetion an' no need anither tellin'; ootside in the kirk an' pairish ye're maister, an' a'll never conter ye, for a' ken ma place as a kirk member an' yir place as beadle; inside in this hoose a'm maister, an' ye 'ill dae what ye're bid, always in due submission tae the Doctor, wha's maister baith in an' oot. Tak yir feet aff that steel bar this meenut"—this by way of practical application; and when after a brief pause, in which the fate of an empire hung in the balance, John obeyed, the two chief officials in the parish had made their covenant.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that they carefully kept their bounds, so that Becca would no more have thought of suggesting a new attitude to John as he stood at the foot of the pulpit stair waiting for the Doctor's descent than John would have interfered with the cooking of the Doctor's dinner. When the glass was at set fair, they even exchanged compliments, the housekeeper expressing her sense of unworthiness as she saw John in his high estate, while he would indicate that the Doctor's stock on Sacrament Sabbath reached the highest limits of human attainment. The Doctor being left to the freedom of his own will, laboured at a time to embroil the powers by tempting them to cross one another's frontiers, but always failed, because they foresaw the consequences with a very distinct imagination. If he asked Rebecca to convey a message to Drumsheugh, that cautious woman would send in John to receive it from the Doctor's own lips, and if the Doctor gave some directions regarding dinner to John, Rebecca would appear in a few minutes to learn what the Doctor wanted. It was an almost complete delimitation of frontiers, and the Doctor used to say that he never quite understood the Free Kirk theory of the relation between Church and State till he considered the working agreement of his two retainers.

STANDING WITH A HALF-DRIED DISH IN HER HAND.

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It was, he once pleasantly said to the minister of Kildrummie, a perfect illustration of "co-ordinate jurisdiction with mutual subordination." It is just possible that some one may not fully grasp those impressive words, in which case let him appreciate other people's accomplishments and mourn his ignorance, for they were common speech in Drumtochty, and were taught at their porridge to the Free Kirk children.

It is an unfortunate circumstance, however, that even a scientific frontier wavers at places, and leaves a piece of doubtful territory that may at any moment become a cause of war. Surely there is not on the face of the Scottish earth a more unoffending, deferential, conciliatory person than a "probationer," who on Saturdays can be seen at every country junction, bag in hand, on his patient errand of "supply," and yet it was over his timid body the great powers of the manse twice quarrelled disastrously. As a guest in the manse, to be received on Saturday evening, to be conducted to his room, to be fed and warmed, to go to his bed at a proper hour—ten on Saturday and ten-thirty on Sabbath—to be sent away on Monday morning in good time for the train, he was within the province of Rebecca. As a minister to be examined, advised, solemnised, encouraged, to be got ready on Sabbath morning and again disrobed, to be edified with suitable conversation and generally made as fit as possible for his work, he was evidently within John's sphere of influence. It was certainly the beadle's business to visit the dining-room on Saturday evening, where the young man was supposed to be meditating against the ordeal of the morrow, to get the Psalms for the precentor, to answer strictly professional questions, and generally to advise the neophyte about the sermon that would suit Drumtochty, and the kind of voice to be used. One thing John knew perfectly well he ought not to do, and that was to invite a probationer to spend the evening in the Doctor's study, for on this point Rebecca was inexorable.

"A' dinna say that they wud read the Doctor's letters, an' a' dinna say they wud tak a buke as a keepsake, but a' can never forget ane o' them—he hed a squint and red hair—comin' oot frae the cupboard as a' opened the door.

"'There's juist ae wy oot o' the room, an' it's by the door ye cam in at,' a' said; 'maybe ye wud like tae come an' sit in the dinin'-room; ye 'ill be less distrackit.'" And Rebecca charged John that no probationer should in future be allowed to enter the Doctor's sanctum on any consideration.

John's excuse for his solitary fault was that the lad thought that he could study his sermon better with books round him, and so Rebecca found the young gentleman seated in the Doctor's own chair and working with the Doctor's own pen, unblushing and shameless.

"Gin ye want *Cruden's Concordance*"—this was when Rebecca had led him out a chastened man—"or *Matthew Henry* tae fill up yir sermon, the books 'ill be brocht by the church officer."

Rebecca's intrusion, in turn, into John's sphere was quite without excuse, and she could only explain her conduct by a general reference to the foolishness of the human heart. It came out through the ingenuousness of the probationer, who mentioned casually that he was told Drumtochty liked four heads in the sermon.

"May I ask the name of yir adviser?" said the beadle, with awful severity. "The hoosekeeper? A' thocht so, an' a' wud juist gie ye due intimation that the only person qualified an' entitled tae gie ye information on sic subjects is masel', an' ony ither is unjustified an' unwarranted.

"Fower heads? Three an' an application is the Doctor's invariable rule, an' gin a probationer gied oot a fourth, a' winna undertake tae say what michtna happen. Drumtochty is no a pairish tae trifle wi', an' it disna like new-fangled wys. Fower!" and the scorn for this unorthodox division was withering.

Rebecca realised the gravity of the situation in the kitchen, and humbled herself greatly.

"It wes as a hearer that he askit ma opinion, an' no as an authority. He said that the new wy wes tae leave oot heads, an' a' saw a' the hay spread oot across the field, so a' told him tae gither it up intae 'coles' (haycocks), an' it wud be easier lifted. Maybe a' mentioned fower—a'll no deny it; but it's the first time a' ever touched on heads, an' it 'ill be the laist."

Upon those terms of penitence John

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granted pardon, but it was noticed on Sabbath that when Becca got in the way of the retiring procession to the manse, the beadle was heard in the kirkyard, "Oot of ma rood, wumman," in a tone that was full of judgment, and that Rebecca withdrew to the grass as one justly punished.

This excellent woman once accomplished her will, however, in spite of John, and had all her days the pleasant relish of a secret triumph. Her one unfulfilled desire was to see the Doctor in his court dress which he wore as Moderator of the Kirk of Scotland during the Assembly time, and which had lain ever since in a box with camphor and such preservatives amid the folds. It was aggravating to hear Drumsheugh and Hillocks—who had both gone to the Assembly that year for the sole purpose of watching the Doctor enter and bow to the standing house—enlarging on his glory in velvet and lace and silver buckles, and growing in enthusiasm with the years.

"It's little better than a sin," she used to insist, "tae see the bonnie suit gien the Doctor by the Countess o' Kilspindie, wi' dear's knows hoo much o' her ain auld lace on't, lyin' useless, wi' naebody tae get a sicht o't on his back. Dinna ye think, man"—this with much persuasiveness—"that ye cud get the Doctor tae pit on his velvets on an occasion, maybe a Saicrament? The pairish wud be lifted; an' ye wud look weel walkin' afore him in his lace."

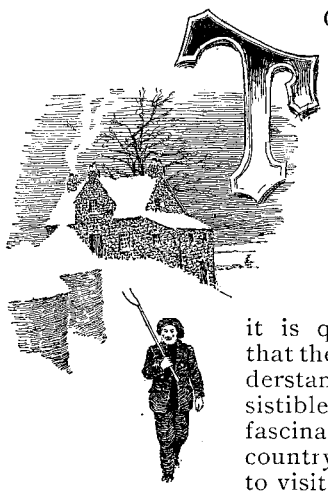
"Dinna plead wi' me, wumman; a' wud gie a half-yeai's wages tae see him in his grandeur; but it's offeecial, div ye no see, an' canna be used except by a Moderator? Na, na, ye can dust and stroke it, but ye'ill never see yon coat on the Doctor."

This was little less than a challenge to a woman of spirit, and Rebecca simply lived from that day to clothe the Doctor in embroidered garments. Her opportunity arrived when Kate's birthday came round, and the Doctor insisted on celebrating it by a party of four. By the merest accident his housekeeper met Miss Carnegie on the road, and somehow happened to describe the excellent glory of the Doctor's full dress, whereupon that wilful young woman went straight to the manse, nor left till the Doctor had promised to dine in ruffles, in which case she pledged herself that the General would come in uniform, and she would wear the family jewels, so that everything would be worthy of the Doctor's dinner.

"Hoo daur ye," began John, coming down from the Doctor's room, where the suit was spread upon the bed; but his wife did not allow him to continue, explaining that the thing was none of her doing, and that it was only becoming honour should be shown to Miss Carnegie when she dined for the first time at the manse of Drumtochty.

CHAPTER XVI.

DRIED ROSE LEAVES.



TOWNSPEOPLE are so clever and know so much that it is only just something should be hidden from their sight, and it is quite certain that they do not understand the irresistible and endless fascination of the country. They love to visit us in early autumn, and are vastly charmed with the honeysuckle in the hedges, and the corn turning yellow, and the rivers singing in the sunlight, and the purple on the hill-side. It is then that the dweller in cities resolves to retire, as soon as may be, from dust and crowds and turmoil and hurry, to some cottage where the scent of roses comes in at the open window, and one is wakened of a morning by the birds singing in the ivy. When the corn is gathered into the stack-yard, and the leaves fall on the road, and the air has a touch of frost, and the evenings draw in, then the townsman begins to shiver and bethink him of his home. He leaves the fading glory with a sense of relief, like one escaping from approaching calamity, and as often as his thoughts turn thither, he pities us in our winter solitude. "What a day this would be in Drumtochty," he says, coming in from

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the slushy streets and rubbing his hands before the fire.

This good man is thankful to Providence for very slight mercies, since he knows only one out of the four seasons that make our glorious year. He had been wise to visit us in the summer-time, when the light hardly dies out of the Glen, and the grass and young corn present six shades of green, and the scent of the hay is everywhere, and all young creatures are finding themselves with joy. Perhaps he had done better to have come north in our spring-time, when nature, throwing off the yoke of winter, burst suddenly into an altogether indescribable greenery, and the primroses were blooming in Tochty woods, and every cottage garden was sweet with wallflowers, and the birds sang of love in every wood, and the sower went forth to sow. And though this will appear quite incredible, it had done this comfortable citizen much good to have made his will and risked his life with us in the big snowstorm that used to shut us up for fourteen days every February. One might well endure many hardships to stand on the side of Ben Urtach and see the land one glittering expanse of white on to the great strath on the left and the hills above Dunleith on the right, to tramp all day through the dry, crisp snow, and gathering round the wood fire of an evening, tell pleasant tales of ancient days, while the wind powdered the glass with drift and roared in the chimney. Then a man thanked God that he was not confined to a place where the pure snow was trodden into mire, and the thick fog made it dark at mid-day.

This very season of autumn, which frightened the townsfolk and sent them home in silence, used to fill our hearts with peace, for it was to us the crown and triumph of the year. We were not dismayed by the leaves that fell with rustling sound in Tochty woods, nor by the bare stubble fields from which the last straw had been raked by thrifty hands, nor by the touch of cold in the north-west wind blowing over Ben Urtach, nor by the grayness of the running water. The long toil of the year had not been in vain, and the harvest had been safely gathered. The clump of sturdy little stacks, carefully thatched and roped, that stood beside each homestead were the visible fruit of the long year's labour and the assurance of plenty against winter. Let it snow for a week on end, and let the blast from the mouth of Glen Urtach pile up the white drift high against the outer row of stacks, the horses will be put in the mill shed, and an inner stack will be forked into the threshing loft, and all day long the mill will go with dull, rumbling sound that can be heard from the road, while within the grain pours into the corn room and the clean yellow straw is piled in the barn. Hillocks was not a man given to sentiment, yet even he would wander among the stacks on an October evening and come in to the firelight full of moral reflections. A vague sense of rest and thankfulness pervaded the Glen, as if one had come home from a long journey in safety, bringing his possessions with him.

The spirit of October was on the Doctor as he waited for his guests in the drawing-room of the manse. The Doctor had a special affection for the room, and would often sit alone in it for hours in the gloaming. Once Rebecca came in suddenly, and though the light was dim and the Doctor was seated in the shadow by the piano, she was certain that he had been weeping. He would not allow any change to be made in the room, even the shifting of a table, and he was very particular about its good keeping. Twice a year Rebecca polished the old-fashioned rosewood furniture, and so often a man came from Muirtown to tune the piano, which none in the district could play, and which the Doctor kept locked. Two little pencil sketches, signed with a childish hand, Daisy Davidson, the minister always dusted himself, as also a covered picture on the wall, and the half-yearly cleaning of the drawing-room was concluded when he arranged on the backs of two chairs one piece of needlework showing red and white roses, and another whereon was wrought a posy of primroses. The room had a large bay window opening on the lawn, and the Doctor had a trick of going out and in that way, so that he often had ten minutes in its quietness ; but no visitor was taken there, except once a year, when the wife of the Doctor's old friend, Lord Kilspindie, drove up to lunch, and the old man escorted her ladyship round the garden and brought her in by the window. On that occasion, but only then,

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the curtain was lifted from the picture, and for a brief space they stood in silence. Then he let the silken veil fall and gently arranged its folds, and offering his arm with a very courtly bow, led the Countess into the dining-room, where Rebecca had done her best and John waited in fullest Sabbath array.

The Doctor wandered about the room—looking out on the garden, mysterious in the fading light, changing the position of a chair, smoothing the old-fashioned needlework with caressing touch, breaking up a log in the grate. He fell at last into a reverie before the fire—which picked out each bit of silver on his dress and shone back from the black velvet—and heard nothing till John flung open the door and announced with immense majesty, "General Carnegie and Miss Carnegie."

THE OLD MAN ESCORTED HER LADYSHIP.

"Welcome, Kate, to the house of your father's friend, and welcome for your own sake, and many returns of this day. May I say how that white silk and those rubies become you? It is very kind to put on such beautiful things for my poor little dinner. As for you, Jack, you are glorious," and the Doctor must go over Carnegie's medals till that worthy and very modest man lost all patience.

"No more of this nonsense; but, Sandie, that is a desperately becoming get-up of yours; doesn't he suit it well, Kit? I never saw a better calf on any man."

"You are both 'rael bonnie,' and ought to be very grateful to me for insisting on full dress. I'm sorry that there is only one girl to admire two such handsome men; it's a poor audience, but at any rate it is very appreciative and grateful," and Kate curtsied to each in turn, for all that evening she was in great good-humour.

"By the way, there will be one more to laugh at us, for I've asked the Free Kirk minister to make a fourth for our table. He is a nice young fellow, with more humanity than most of his kind; but did not I hear that he called at the Lodge to pay his respects?"

"Certainly he did," said the General, "and I rather took a fancy to him. He has an honest eye and is not at all bad-looking, and tells a capital story. But Kit fell upon him about something, and I had to cover him. It's a wonder that he ever came near the place again."

"He has been at the Lodge eight times since then," explained Kate, with much composure; "but he will on no account be left alone with the head of the household. The General insulted him on politics, and I had to interfere; so he looks on me as a kind of protector,

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and I walk him out to the Beeches lest he be massacred."

"Take care, my dear Catherine," for the Doctor was a shrewd old gentleman; "protecting comes perilously near loving, and Carmichael's brown eyes are dangerous."

"They are dark blue." Kate was off her guard, and had no sooner spoken than she blushed, whereat the Doctor laughed wickedly.

"You need not be afraid for Kate," said the General, cheerfully; "no man can conquer her; and as for the poor young padres, she made their lives miserable."

"They were so absurd," said Kate, "so innocent, so ignorant, so authoritative, that it was for their good to be reduced to a proper level. But I rather think your guest has forgotten his engagement. He will be so busy with his book that even a manse dinner will have no attraction." The Doctor looked again at Kate, but now she wore an air of great simplicity.

It was surely not Carmichael's blame that he was late for Dr. Davidson's dinner, since he had thought of nothing else since he rose, which was at the unearthly hour of six. He went out for a walk, which consisted of one mile east and another west from the village, and, with pauses, during which he rested on gates and looked from him, lasted two hours. On his return he explained to Sarah that his health had received much benefit, and that she was not to be surprised if he went out every morning at or before daybreak. He also mentioned casually that he was to dine at the manse that day, and Sarah, who had been alarmed lest this unexpected virtue might mean illness, was at rest. His habit was to linger over breakfast, propping a book against the sugar basin, and taking it and his rasher slice about, which was, he insisted, the peculiar joy of a bachelor's breakfast; but this morning Sarah found him at ten o'clock still at table, gazing intently at an untouched cutlet, and without any book. He swallowed two mouthfuls hurriedly and hastened to the study, leaving her to understand that he had been immersed in a theological problem. It seemed only reasonable that a man should have one pipe before settling down to a forenoon of hard study, but there is no doubt that the wreaths of smoke, as they float upward, take fantastic shapes, and lend themselves to visions. Twelve o'clock—it was outrageous—six hours gone without a stroke of work. Sarah is informed that as he has a piece of very stiff work to do, luncheon must be an hour later, and that the terrier had better go out for a walk. Then Carmichael cleared his table and set himself down to a new German critic, who was doing marvellous things with the Prophet Isaiah. In three thick volumes—paper-bound and hideous to behold—and in a style of elaborate repulsiveness, Schlochenboshen showed that the book had been written by a syndicate, on the principle that each member contributed one verse in turn, without reference to his neighbours. It was, in fact, the simple plan of a children's game, in which you write a noun and I an adjective, and the total result greatly pleases the company; and the theory of the eminent German was understood to throw a flood of light on Scripture. Schlochenboshen had already discovered eleven alternating authors, and as No. 4 would occasionally pool his contribution with No. 6, several other interesting variations were introduced. In such circumstances one must fix the list of authors in his head, and this can be conveniently done by letters of the alphabet. Carmichael made a beginning with four, K A T E, and then he laid down his pen and went out for a turn in the garden. When he came in with a resolute mind, he made a precis of the Professor's introduction, and it began, "dear Miss Carnegie," after which he went to lunch and ate three biscuits. As for some reason his mind could not face even the most fascinating German, Carmichael fell back on the twelve hundredth book on Mary Queen of Scots, which had just come from the library, and which was to finally vindicate that very beautiful, very clever, and very perplexing young woman. An hour later Carmichael was on the moor, full of an unquenchable pity for Chatelard, who had loved the sun and perished in his rays. The cold wind on the hill braced his soul, and he returned in a heroic mood. He only was the soldier of the Cross, who denied himself to earthly love and hid a broken heart. And now he read *A'Kempis* and *The Christian Year*. Several passages in the latter he marked in pencil with a cross, and

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when his wife asked him the reason only last week, he smiled, but would give no answer. Having registered anew his vow of celibacy, he spent an hour in dressing, an operation, he boasted, which could be performed in six minutes, and which, on this occasion, his housekeeper determined to review.

With all the women in the Glen, old and young, she liked the lad, for a way that he had and the kindness of his heart, and was determined that he should be well dressed for once in his life. It was Sarah, indeed, that kept Carmichael late, for she not only laid out his things for him with much care and judgment, but on sight of the wisp of white round his neck she persuaded him to accept her services, and at last she was satisfied. He also lost a little time as he came near the manse, for he grew concerned lest his tie was not straight, and it takes time to examine yourself in the back of your watch, when the light is dimming and it is necessary to retire behind a hedge lest some keen Drumtochty eye should detect the roadside toilet.

John had brought in the lamp before Carmichael entered, and his confusion was pardonable, for he had come in from the twilight, and none could have expected such a sight.

"Glad to see you, Carmichael"—the Doctor hastened to cover his embarrassment. "It is very good of you to honour my little party by your presence. You know the General, I think, and Miss Carnegie, whose first birthday in Drumtochty we celebrate to-night.

"No wonder you are astonished," for Carmichael was blushing furiously; "and I must make our defence, eh, Carnegie? else it will be understood in Free Kirk circles that the manse is mad. We seem, in fact, a pair of old fools, and you can have your jest at us; but there is an excuse even for our madness.

"It is long since we have had a young lady in our Glen, and now that she has come to live among us—why, sir, we must just do her bidding.

"Our Queen has but a little court, but her courtiers are leal and true; and when she ordered full dress, it was our joy to obey. And if you choose to laugh, young sir—why, you may; we are not ashamed with such a Queen, and I do her homage."

The Doctor stooped and kissed Kate's hand in the grand manner which is now lost, after which he drew out his snuff-box and tapped it pleasantly, as one who had taken part in a state function; but there was the suspicion of a tear in his eye, for these things woke old memories.

"Kate's a wilfu' lassie," said the General, fondly, "and she has long ruled me, so I suppose her father must do likewise." And the General also kissed Kate's hand.

"You are both perfectly absurd to-night," said Kate, confused and red, "but no Queen ever had truer hearts to love her, and if I cannot make you knights, I must reward you as I can." And Kate, ignoring Carmichael, kissed first her father and then the Doctor. Then she turned on him with a proud air, "What think you of my court, Mr. Carmichael?"

"It is the best in Christendom, Miss Carnegie"—and his voice trembled with earnestness—"for it has the fairest Queen and two gentlemen of Christ for its servants."

"Very prettily said"—the Doctor thought the little scene had gone far enough—"and as a reward for that courteous speech you shall take Her Majesty into dinner, and we old battered fellows shall follow in attendance." There was a moment's silence, and then Carmichael spoke.

"If I had only known, Miss Carnegie, that I might have . . . put on something to do you honour too, but I have nothing except a white silk hood. I wish I had been a militiaman or . . . a Freemason."

"This is your second remarkable wish in my hearing," and Kate laughed merrily; "last time you wished you were a dog on Muirtown platform. Your third will be your last, I suppose, and one wonders what it will be."

"It is already in my heart"—Carmichael spoke low—"and some day I will dare to tell it to you."

"Hush," replied Kate quickly, lifting her hand; "the padre is going to say grace." As this was an official function in John's eyes, that worthy man allowed himself to take a general view, and he was pleased to express his high approval of the company, enlarging especially on Carmichael, whom, as a Free Kirkman, he had been accustomed rather to belittle.

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"Of coorse," he explained loyally, "he's no tae be compared wi' the Doctor, for there's nae minister ootside the Auld Kirk can hae sic an air, and he's no set up like the General, but he lookit weel an' winsome.

"His hair wes flung back frae his forehead, his ee'n were fair dancin', an' there wes a bit o' colour in his cheek. He hes a wy wi' him, a'll no deny,' at taks wi' fouk.

"A'm no sure that he's been at mony denners though, Becca, for he hardly kent what he wes daein'. A' juist pit the potatoes on his plate, for he never lat on he saw me; an' as for wine, a' cudna get a word oot o' him."

"Ye're lifted above ordinary concerns, John, an' it's no tae be expeckit that a beadle sud notice the way o' a lad wi' a lass," and Becca nodded her head with much shrewdness.

"Div ye mean that, Rebecca? That cowes a'; but it's no possible. The General's dochter an' a Free Kirk minister, an' her an Esculopian——"

"Love kens naither rank nor creeds; see what ye did yersel', and you beadle o' Drumtochty;" and John—every man has some weak point—swallowed the compliment with evident satisfaction.

Meanwhile they had fallen on this very subject of creeds in the dining-room, and Kate was full of curiosity.

"Will you two padres do me a favour? I knew you would. Well, I want to know for certain what is the difference between the two Kirks in Drumtochty. Now which of you will begin?" and Kate beamed on them both.

"Whatever you wish we will do, Kate," said the Doctor; "but you will have me excused in this matter, if you please, and hear my friend. I am tired of controversy, and he has a fair mind, and, as I know well, a pleasant wit. Tell Miss Carnegie how your people left the Kirk of Scotland."

"Well, the dispute began"—and Carmichael faced his task manfully—"about the appointment of clergymen, whether it should lie with a patron or the people. Lord Kilspindie had the nomination of Drumtochty, and if every patron had been as wise as our house, then there had been no disruption."

The Doctor bowed, and motioned to Carnegie to fortify himself with port.

"Other patrons had no sense, and put in unsuitable men, and the people rebelled, since it is a sad thing for a country parish to have a minister who is not . . ."

"A gentleman? or straight? Quite so," chimed in Kate; "it must be beastly."

"So a party fought for the rights of the people," resumed Carmichael, "and desired that the parish should have a voice in choosing the man who was to take charge of . . . their souls."

"Isn't that like soldiers electing their officers?" enquired the General, doubtfully.

"Go on, Carmichael; you are putting your case capitally; don't plunge into theology, Jack, whatever you do . . . it is Sandeman's—a sound wine."

"Then what happened?" and Kate encouraged Carmichael with her eyes.

"Four hundred clergymen threw up their livings one day and went out to begin a Free Kirk, where there are no patrons.

"You have no idea—for I suppose you never heard of this before—how ministers suffered, living and dying in miserable cottages—and the people met for service on the sea-shore or in winter storms—all for conscience' sake."

Carmichael was glowing, and the Doctor sipped his port approvingly.

"Perhaps they ought not to have seceded, and perhaps their ideas were wrong; but it was heroism, and a good thing for the land."

"It was splendid!" Kate's cheek flushed. "And Drumtochty?"

"Ah, something happened here that was by itself in Scotland. Will you ask Dr. Davidson not to interrupt or browbeat me? Thank you; now I am safe.

"Some one of influence went to old Lord Kilspindie, who had no love to the Free Kirk, and told him that a few of his Drumtochty men wanted to get a site for a Free Kirk, and that he must give it. And he did."

"Now, Carmichael," began the Doctor, who had scented danger; but Kate held up her hand with an imperious gesture, and Carmichael went on:

"The same person used to send to the station for the Free Kirk probationer, and entertain him after a lordly fashion—with port, if he were worthy—and send him on his way rejoicing—men have told me. But," concluded Carmichael, averting his face from the foot of the table, "wild horses will not com-

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pel me to give that good Samaritan's name."

"Was it you, Davidson, that sanctioned such a proceeding? Why, it was mutiny."

"Of course he did, Dad," cried Kate; "just the very thing he would do: and so, I suppose, the Free Kirk love him as much as they do yourself, sir?"

"As much? far more . . . ."

"Had I know what downright falsehood the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty was capable of, I would never allowed him to open his mouth."

"Well, I am satisfied, at any rate," said Kate, "and I propose to retire to the drawing-room, and I know who would love a rubber of whist by-and-bye. We are just the number."

A minute later Carmichael asked leave to join Kate, as he believed she was to have him for partner, and he must understand her game.

"How adroit he is to-night, Jack;" but the General rather pitied the lad, with whom he imagined Kate was playing as a cat with a mouse.

"Have you ever seen the face below the veil?" for they did not talk long about whist in the drawing-room. "I do not think it would be wrong to look, for the padre told me the story.

"Yes, a very winning face. His only sister, and he simply lived for her. She was only twelve when she died, and he loves her still, although he hardly ever speaks of her."

They stood together before the happy girl-face enshrined in an old man's love. They read the inscription: "My dear sister Daisy."

"I never had a sister," and Carmichael sighed.

"And I never had a brother." Their hands met as they gently lowered the veil.

"Well, have you arranged your plans?" and the Doctor came in intent on whist.

"Only one thing. I am going to follow Miss Carnegie's lead, and she is always to win," said the Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty.

(To be continued.)

THE RED AND THE WHITE.

O clustered roses in your emerald nest,
  Margined with moss and dappled with the dew,
By woodland winds no more to be caressed,
When, as you lie upon the earth's soft breast,
  Some careless hand shall cull you out anew.

Perchance to-night the rich red Jacqueminot
  Shall lend its beauty to some love of mine,
And loosely twined amid her locks shall glow
When languorous music, rhythmically slow,
  That thrills the ear with harmony divine,
Pulsates and plashes in a sensuous flow.

And thou, with petals like the rifted snow,
  And soft suggestion in thy dewy breath,
To-night, held fast in some cold hand shalt go
  To share the mourner's lonely watch with Death,
And yield thy fragrance as a balm for woe.

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THE UNCOLLECTED POEMS OF H. C. BUNNER.

The late H. C. Bunner published two volumes of poetry, *Airs from Arcady* and *Rowen: Second-Crop Songs*. But only a small proportion of his verse, comic and serious, is contained in these two little books. He was always modest in discussing his own work, in prose or in verse, yet he was ambitious also; and when he came to choose out those of his writings which he was willing to reprint in book form, he held up a high standard for himself. When his first volume of short stories, *In Partnership*, was ready for the printer he became dissatisfied with one of his stories, and he withdrew it, writing in its stead the vigorous and pathetic tale called "A Letter and a Paragraph." There is also a long serial story, contributed to a weekly paper, which he refused always to reprint as a book, although it was an absorbingly dramatic narrative. In selecting from his own verse he was even more particular. Perhaps this was due to the fact that he was widely known as the editor of *Puck*, and that if he had reprinted all of even the best of his humorous verse he would have been accepted only as a comic poet. He was unwilling to have the graceful and imaginative lyrics which give distinction to *Airs from Arcady* and *Rowen* swamped by an undue proportion of his lighter verse. In neither of these volumes did he include any of his more broadly comic pieces—like this sonnet, for example, in which the reader is left in doubt as to what manner of vessel it is the poet is addressing:

TO A SCHOONER.

O Brave and Beautiful! the purling foam
Curls clinging with caressing touch around
Thy curves symmetrical. My heart doth bound
At sight of thee—'neath native heavens' dome,
Or far abroad, where venturous Teutons roam.
Moist thy smooth sides as swiftly, without sound,
Across the Bar thou passest, brimmed and crowned
With thy rich freight, dearer than musty tome
To student's heart; sweet as the honey-comb.
Not wondrous caverns underneath the ground,
Dark treasure-caves of subterranean gnome,
Yield fairer boon than in thee I have found——
Peace! O, my blissful spirit's cherished home,
In yon dark flood lies Care forever drowned!

A pleasant flavour of the classics lingers about the lines in which the poet set down his dissatisfaction with

ATLANTIC CITY.

O City that is not a city, unworthy the prefix Atlantic,
Forlornest of watering-places, and thoroughly Philadelphian!
In thy despite I sing, with a bitter and deep detestation—
A detestation born of a direful and dinnerless evening,
Spent in thy precincts unhallowed—an evening I trust may recur not.
Never till then did I know what was meant by the word god-forsaken:
Thou its betokening hast taught me, being the chiefest example.
Thou art the scorned of the gods: thy sand from their sandals is shaken;
Thee have they left in their wrath to thy uninteresting extensiveness,
Barren and bleak and big; a wild aggregation of barracks,
Miscalled hotels, and of dovecotes denominate cottages;
A confusion of ugly girls, of sand, and of health-bearing breezes,
With one unending plank-walk for a true Philadelphia "attraction."
City ambitiously named, why, with inducements delusive,
Is the un-Philadelphian stranger lured to thy desert pretentious?
'Tis not alone that thy avenues, broad and unpaved and unending,
Re-echo yet with the obsolete music of "Pinafore,"
Whistled in various keys by the rather too numerous negro;
'Tis not alone that Propriety—Propriety too Philadelphian—
Over thee stretches an ægis of wholly superfluous virtue;
That thou art utterly good; hast no single vice to redeem thee;
'Tis not alone that thou art provincial in all things, and petty;
And that the dulness of death is gay, compared to thy dulness—
'Tis not alone for these things that my curse is to rest upon thee:
But for a sin that crowns thee with perfect and eminent badness;
Sets thee alone in thy shame, the unworthiest town on the sea-coast:
THIS: that thou dinest at Noon, and then in a manner barbarian,
Soupless and wineless and coffeeless, untimely and wholly indecent—
As is the custom, I learn, in Philadelphia proper.
I rose and I fled from thy Supper; I said: "I will get me a Dinner!"
Vainly I wandered thy streets: thy eating-places ungodly
Knew not the holiness of Dinner; in all that evening I dined not;
But in a strange low lair, infested of native mechanics,
BOLTED a fried beef-steak for the physical need of my stomach.
And for them that have fried that steak, in Aïdes' lowest back-kitchen

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May they eternally broil, by way of a warning to others.
During my wanderings, I met, and hailed with delight one Italian,
A man with a name from "Pasquale"—the chap sung by Tagliapietra—
He knew what it was to dine; he comprehended my yearnings;
But the spell was also on him; the somnolent spell Philadelphian;
And his hostelry would not be open till Saturday next; and I cursed him.
Now this is not *too* much to ask, God knows, that a mortal should want a
Pint of Bordeaux to his dinner, and a small cigarette for a climax:
But, these things being denied him, where then is your Civilisation?
O Coney Island! of old I have reviled and blasphemed thee,
For that thou dowsest thy glim at an hour that is unmetropolitan;
That thy frequenters' feet turn townwards ere striketh eleven,
When the returning cars are filled with young men and maidens,
Most of the maidens asleep on the young men's cindery shoulders—
Yea, but I spake as a fool, insensate, disgruntled, ungrateful:
Thee will I worship henceforth in appreciative humility:
Luxurious and splendid and urban, glorious and gaslit and gracious,
Gathering from every land thy gay and ephemeral tenantry,
From the Greek who hails thee: "Thalatta!" to the rustic who murmurs "My Golly!"
From the Bowery youth who requests his sweetheart to "look at them billers!"
To the Gaul whom thy laughing waves almost persuade to immersion:
O Coney Island, thou art the weary citizen's heaven—
A heaven to dine, not die in, joyful and restful and clamful,
Better one hour of thee than an age of Atlantic City!

And the same flavour, more pronounced, is discoverable also in the daring rhymes of

CLASSIC JOURNALISM.

The beautiful garland of justice awaits
The eminent poet and general, Socrates.
KROPHUTIKOS GRAPHIKOS.
5th Century B.C.

A great thing was journalism in Greece,
When that nation was foremost in war and in peace.
I was long on the staff of the Athens *Courier*,
And the style the boys ran the machine you shall hear.
The boss paper it was the South-Spartan *Tribune*,
Which was owned by a man of the name of Laocoon;
And had a grand building, where down the two sides
Ran two rows of extra-sized Caryatides.
'Twas a very fine sheet, with a half-page of locals,
Done up in neat style by J. Themistocles.
At the top of its columns, its letter-heads, bills,
It flaunted the name of its founder, Achilles.
'Twas so high-toned, the boys used to say its chief writer
Was nobody less than Olympian Jupiter.
The staff boasted ladies galore, Hermione
Ran the fashion column entirely alone.
Cybele did the Art notes; the critical flail
Was skilfully wielded by Mrs. Omphale.
But the Bœotian *Herald* beat this a long sight,
By engaging on glorious terms Aphrodite.
And the *Herald* had Hero, who later demeaned herself by receiving the visits of Leander.
The East-Acarnanian *Times* made its gains
By the aid and assistance of Aristophanes.
When the Greeks sent their troops against Troy's forces meagre,
The *Times* dispatched war-correspondent Meleager.
Then there was the Attican *World*, that shocked Greece,
By opening its columns to Trojan Æneas;
But its editor well knew his sheet how to carry on;
Had a competent musical critic in Arion;
And knowing public fancy a feuilleton tickles,
He secured for that duty the well known Pericles.
The proprietor, he was a fellow of means,
Senior partner of Apollo and Diogenes.
Ah, those were great times, but they're all long gone by,
Like the days when I used to be sweet on Clytie;
And Greek journalism has vanished beneath
The silent, oblivious waters of Lethe.

This had been suggested by the couplet quoted from Mr. W. A. Croffut, who was then contributing to the now departed *Daily Graphic*. Another copy of verses had its origin in the allegation that a certain songster of the Sierras had written a poem in which the name of the author of *Faust* was made to rhyme with the unpoetic word *teeth*. The American humourist unhesitatingly mispronounced the names Molière and Goethe, and wrote these stanzas on

SHAKE, MULLEARY AND GO-ETHE.

I.

I have a bookcase, which is what
Many much better men have not.
There are no books inside, for books,
I am afraid, might spoil its looks.
But I've three busts, all second-hand,
Upon the top. You understand
I could not put them underneath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

II.

Shake was a dramatist of note;
He lived by writing things to quote.
He long ago put on his shroud:
Some of his works are rather loud.
His bald-spot's dusty, I suppose.
I know there's dust upon his nose.
I'll have to give each nose a sheath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

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III.

Mulleary's line was quite the same;
He has more hair; but far less fame.
I would not from that fame retrench—
But he is foreign, being French.
Yet high his haughty head he heaves,
The only one done up in leaves.
They're rather limited on wreath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

IV.

Go-ethe wrote in the German tongue:
He must have learned it very young.
His nose is quite a butt for scoff,
Although an inch of it is off.
He did quite nicely for the Dutch;
But here he doesn't count for much.
They all are off their native heath—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

V.

They sit there, on their chests, as bland
As if they were not second-hand.
I do not know of what they think,
Nor why they never frown or wink.
But why from smiling they refrain
I think I clearly can explain:
They none of them could show much teeth—
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

In the early days of *Puck* the young poet chose to consider himself a dweller in the coast of Bohemia; and yet in more than one of his poems of this period he seems to have anticipated the time when he should remove from the seaport of Prague. This feeling is reflected more fully in the verses which he entitled "Wed" than in any other of his poems, excepting only, it may be, that called "The Deserter."

WED.

For these white arms about my neck—
  For the dainty room, with its ordered grace—
For my snowy linen without a fleck—
  For the tender charm of this uplift face—

For the softened light and the homelike air—
  The low luxurious cannel fire—
The padded ease of my chosen chair—
  The devoted love that discounts desire—

I sometimes think, when Twelve is struck
  By the clock on the mantel, tinkling clear,
I would take—and thank the gods for the luck—
  One single hour with the Boys and the Beer.

Where the sawdust scent of a cheap saloon
  Is mingled with malt; where each man smokes,
Where they sing the street songs out of tune,
  Talk Art, and bandy ephemeral jokes.

By Jove, I do! And all the time
  I know, not a man that is there to-night
But would barter his brains to be where I'm—
  And I'm well aware that the beggars are right.

THE DESERTER.

SCENE.—IN BOHEMIA.

Glad? Don't I say so? Aren't your fingers numb where
  They've felt the home-returning wanderer's grip?
Sit down? I will.
  Put my umbrella somewhere
  Where it won't drip.

My book—that parcel—thanks! What is it? Mrs. Barbauld's—no, I mean, Plato's Nursery Rhymes—
Burton's Anat—oh, never mind it! This is
  Just like old times.

Thank you, I *will* take something. No, not whiskey.
  I've cut that—oh dear, yes, of course! from choice.
One lemonade! Jove! I feel younger—frisky—
  One of the boys.

Give an account? Oh, I've been quite the rover
  These two years—yes, I've only just got home.
Set out in April. Roughish passage over.
  Went first to Rome.

I stayed in Paris longer than I meant to:
  (I had to break the trip there coming back
From Rome.) Bonn was the next place that I went to—
  Met you there, Jack.

You, with an ancient relative and a Murray—
  Relative's dead? I hope he . . . . ? Ah, that's right!
I say, what made you leave in such a hurry,
  On Christmas night?

I got engaged that last week in December.
  —Didn't you meet the Carletons in Bordeaux?
You knew the girls. Mine's Florry. You remember—
  The blonde, you know.

You—what? God bless me! And you were refused, eh?
  Of course you were. That's why you looked so blue
That Christmas? Ya-as! I called the following Tuesday.
  Sorry for you.

Hope, though, since then, some fair maid has consoled you?
  No? Deuce you say. Poor fellow, that's too bad.
My wife—
  Of course I am! Hadn't I told you?
  I thought I had.

Ah, boys! These pleasant memories stealing o'er me—
  I think I will take a Cabaña now.
Thank you, old man . . . .
  You'll have to roll it for me—
  I forget how.

Well, this is pleasant. 'Bacco, tales vivacious,
  And beer. From youth's free spring once more I quaff,
A wild Bohemian.
  Five o'clock? Good—gracious!
  So much? I'm off!

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No, positively can't. My wife—my dinner.
Always in evenings; people sometimes call.
(Here, Jack! one word—no grudge against the winner?
Shake!)
Good-bye, all!

And—I suppose my small domestic heaven
Wouldn't much interest you? If it did—
Fellows! come up next Sunday—tea at seven—
And . . . .
see . . . .
my kid.
[QUICK CURTAIN.]

As these specimens of his stanzas indicate, the editor of *Puck* contributed to its columns verses of various kinds, sometimes broadly comic, sometimes delicately playful. His range included "comic copy" neatly rhymed and also the more fanciful *vers de société*. As an example of this more difficult variety may be taken the sequence of couplets which he called

INTERESTING.

I rowed her out on the broad bright sea,
Till the land lay purple upon our lee.

The heavens were trying the waves to outshine,
With never a cloud to the far sea-line.

On the reefs the billows in kisses broke—
But oh, I was dying for one small smoke.

She spoke of the gulls and the waters green—
But what is Nature to Nicotine?

She spoke of the tides, and the Triton myth;
And said Jones was engaged to the blonde Miss Smith.

She spoke of her liking lemon on clams;
And Euclid, and parallelograms.

For her face was fair and her eyes were brown,
And she was a girl from Boston town.

And I rowed and thought—but I never said—
"Does Havana tobacco trouble your head?"

She talked of algæ—she talked of sand—
And I thought: "Tobacco you cannot stand."

She talked of the ocean-steamers' speed—
And I yearned for a whiff of the wicked weed.

And at last I spoke, between fright and fret:
"Would you mind if I smoked a cigarette?"

She dropped her eyes on the ocean's blue,
And said: "Would you mind if *I* smoked too?"

Not all of his *vers de société* were contributed to *Puck;* many of them were published by the *Century*, which was then known as *Scribner's Monthly*. Among these was one poem which "went the rounds of the papers" when it first appeared, but which has since dropped out of sight, since its author refrained from reprinting it.

IN A PARIS RESTAURANT.

I gaze, while thrills my heart with patriot pride,
Upon the exquisite skin, rose-flushed and creamy;
The perfect little head; on either side
Blonde waves. The dark eyes, vaguely soft and dreamy,
Hold for a space my judgment in eclipse,
Until, with half a pout, supremely dainty,
"*He's real mean*"—slips from out the strawberry lips—
"Oh, ain't he?"

This *at* her escort, youthful, black-mustached
And diamond-studded—this reproof, whereat he
Is not to any great extent abashed.
(That youth's from "Noo Orleens" or "Cincinnatty,"
I'm sure.) But she—those dark eyes doubtful strike
Her sherbet-ice. . . . Won't touch it. . . . Is induced to.
Result: "I'd sooner eat Mince-Pie, Jim, *like*
We used to."

While then my too-soon-smitten soul recants,
I hear her friend discoursing with much feeling
Of tailors, and a garment he calls "pants."
I note into her eyes a softness stealing—
A shade of thought upon her low, sweet brow—
She hears him not—I swear, I could have cried here—
The escort nudges her—she starts, and—"How? The *ideer*!"

This was the finishing and final touch.
I rose, and took no further observation.
I love my country "just about" as much—
I have for it as high a veneration—
As a man whose fathers fought for liberty,
Whose veins conduct the blood of Commodore Perry, can.
But *she* was quite too very awfully
American.

To this magazine was also contributed a group of poems in the fixed forms which the younger versifiers of that day had just imported from France *via* England. The pathetic little triolet on "A Pitcher of Mignonette," the rondels "She was a Beauty" and "Ready for the Ride," a rondeau or two, he preserved in his first volume of verse; but the most daring of them all, a triumphant chant-royal, always seemed to him to be too broadly humorous to be worthy of inclusion among his other poems, and yet in no other chant-royal in English have the difficulties of the form been more ingenuously or more successfully overcome;

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BEHOLD THE DEEDS!

(CHANT-ROYAL.)

[Being the Plaint of Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, Salesman of Fancy Notions, held in durance of his Landlady for a "failure to connect" on Saturday night.]

I.

I would that all men my hard case might know,
How grievously I suffer for no sin:
I, Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, for lo!
I of my landlady am lockéd in,
For being short on this sad Saturday,
Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay:
She has turned and is departed with my key;
Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,
I sing (as prisoners to their dungeon-stones
When for ten days they expiate a spree);
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

II.

One night and one day have I wept my woe;
Nor wot I, when the morrow doth begin,
If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,
To pray them to advance the requisite tin
For ransom of their salesman, that he may
Go forth as other boarders go alway—
As those I hear now flocking from their tea,
Led by the daughter of my landlady
Piano-ward. This day, for all my moans,
Dry bread and water have been servéd me.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

III.

Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so
The heart of the young he-boardèr doth win,
Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*—
That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the "bunko skin"
The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray:
That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye
Ere sits she with a lover, as did we
Once sit together, Amabel! Can it be
That all that arduous wooing not atones
For Saturday shortness of trade dollars three?
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

IV.

Yea! she forgets the arm that was wont to go
Around her waist. She wears a buckle, whose pin
Galleth the crook of the young man's elbów.
I forget not, for I that youth have been.
Smith was aforetime the Lothario gay.
Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay
Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he;
But his noise brought no pleasaunce, verily.
Small ease he gat of playing on the bones
Or hammering on his stove-pipe, that I see.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

V.

Thou, for whose fear the figurative crow
I eat, accursed be thou and all thy kin!
Thee will I show up—yea, up will I show
Thy too thick buckwheats, and thy tea too thin.
Ay! here I dare thee, ready for the fray:
Thou dost *not* "keep a first-class house," I say!
It does not with the advertisements agree.
Thou lodgest a Briton with a puggaree.
And thou hast harbored Jacobses and Cohns,
Also a Mulligan. Thus denounce I thee!
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

ENVOY.

Boarders! the worst I have not told to ye:
She hath stolen my trousers, that I may not flee
Privily by the window. Hence these groans.
There is no fleeing in a *robe de nuit*.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

MRS. MEYNELL.

One has, of course, an immense admiration for Mr. Henley, for the poetry and the brilliant individuality of the man. And yet it is hard to satisfy one's self that the many who have found in him an artistic stimulus must not go further before they find also their artistic conscience. These clever young writers who pullulate around him—is it not his perversities that they catch, rather than his inspiration? and does he take the trouble to demur, when they sacrifice on the altar of a style alike the decencies of journalism and the dignities of literature? In any case we must credit Mr. Henley, as his undeniable achievement, with the capture and revelation of Mrs. Meynell. For after the immortal letter to Mr. Hyde of Honolulu, was there anything more signal in his memorable editorship of the *National Observer* than certain gracious essays, packed with thought and vibrile with wit, which stood there among cheap satire and schoolboy impertinences, like the cool spaces of a bookshop sequestered from the bustle of frivolous Piccadilly? And when those essays reappeared in book form as *The Rhythm of Life*,* who was there who failed to recognise the presence of a new and potent pen, of a fresh critical force to be reckoned with, of an imperative need

* The Rhythm of Life. By Alice Meynell. Third edition. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.
Also just issued: The Colour of Life. By Alice Meynell. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

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to reconsider and readjust certain old critical tendencies from another and a striking point of view? Incidentally one learnt that this was not Mrs. Meynell's first venture in the pleasant ways of literature. Already, as Miss Alice Thompson, she had published in 1875 a volume of poems* which did not indeed hit the popular taste, but which were very highly esteemed by no mean critics; Mr. Ruskin, in particular, speaking of some of her work as "the finest things I have yet seen or felt in modern verse." And then Miss Thompson exercised the ultimate privilege of the maiden and the artist, and for fifteen years was silent; slowly pruning and maturing, we may suppose, the potentialities of a naturally quick spirit by submission to the twofold scholarship of life and letters, that so, when in the fulness of time she reluctantly spoke again, her words might be the choice fruit of the trained eye, and the disciplined brain, and the purified heart.

MRS. MEYNELL.

In attempting to analyse the impression which Mrs. Meynell's writing makes upon at least one reader, I shall not dwell at length upon her sex, and upon the fact that she is perhaps the first woman to make her way to the higher levels of criticism. Doubtless the last quarter of the present century will be known as the age of the awakening of women, of their successful claim to share in the wider and fuller life of the race from which they have hitherto been, in the main, excluded. And with the conquest of life comes naturally the conquest of literature. One even hopes that women will soon cease to use the apology of a masculine pseudonym on their title-pages. But though Mrs. Meynell is clearly touched by the fine issues which the problem of the future of her sex at this moment presents—we are grateful to her for her woman's protest against the gross defacement of woman by the pen of Dickens and the pencil of Leech—yet I think that she has always held herself characteristically aloof from the more revolutionary phases of the movement. That brave desire to arraign the whole of society as man has made it, to

> "Shatter it to bits, and then
> Remould it nearer to the heart's desire,"

could not be expected to evoke much

* Poems. By Alice Meynell. Third edition. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

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but pity and amusement in the mind of one whose consciousness of the past is so strong, and who knows that, for women as for Americans, there is no beginning, but only a continuity. This, indeed, is the first point in Mrs. Meynell's critical temperament to which I would call attention. She has that sense of inheritance, of oneness with the past, which only liberal scholarship can give. She has chosen great ancestors to defer to. Must she quote? it is by preference the most distinguished utterances of the most distinguished men. Nor does she ever forget what such a descent entails upon her, its responsibilities "in the chastity of letters and in the honour of life," its compulsion to keep her thought unstained by anything that is common or "mentally inexpensive." How much "a man of letters" means to her!—"judicious, judicial, disinterested, patient, happy, temperate, delighted." What a rare equipment to have even formed such an ideal! And how doubly rare in an age which has substituted reviews for criticism and University Extension lectures for education! We habitually write up to the top of our information; but Mrs. Meynell selects from her treasure-house; she has her reserves; she does not wish to tell us "all the grave things."

This insistence on the literary point of honour, and a certain delicate psychology, define Mrs. Meynell's critical attitude. Of what is hackneyed she will have nothing; "habitualness," she says, "compels our refusals." Patent things, even patent truths, fail to arrest her; she prefers a more intimate, even if it be a lesser, truth; a truth that she can feel, that has some freshness about it, not a truth that she must merely accept and share. She will not willingly walk in the ways of common tread. Therefore she pushes analysis as far as it can be pushed, in the discrimination of subtle shades of sentiment, the exploration of secret distinctions which the blunter sense would disregard. And analysis frequently issues in paradox; a paradox, however, which is not often merely verbal, belonging, as it does, to the order of her thought and the structure of her material. For it is invariably truth itself that she seeks, and not the affectations of truth. No one, indeed, will prick you with more mordant wit the bubble of an affectation; the affectation, for instance, that finds pathos in what is really humorous, or the affectation of an impressionism that has no impressions worth recording. In this close power of penetration lies her delicate critical instrument; for in criticism, as in portraiture, it is the little touches that count, the barely noticeable curves and crow's-feet, that hold the secrets of mental history, and build up the ultimate ineffaceable personality. Nor need Velasquez himself have been ashamed to own that "Portrait of a Gentleman" in the essay which is called "A Remembrance." Subtle herself, Mrs. Meynell demands some response of subtlety from her readers; she is difficult, because she is not facial. She is indeed unpardonable, because she requires, compels thought; compels even an effort of thought, grinds the edge of thought. And to-day we do not wish that thought should give us pause; we ask for books to satisfy easy mental processes, and not to awake complicated ones; because we do our reading hurriedly, in the railway train or at the British Museum, and have no time for the composure of an arm-chair or the contemplation of a library.

The subtlety of Mrs. Meynell's thinking determines also her vocabulary. She will not use synonyms as if they were equivalents, for she knows that usage is the deposit of history, and that cognate words have cognate, and not identical meanings. It were, therefore, a conceit in her own vein to say that her epithets and turns of phrase are not obvious, and are inevitable. Her words are not inanimate counters, but have their characters and their colours. The *epitheton constans* is no temptation to her, nor will she reproduce the second-hand quaintnesses of Wardour Street. Her tendency, indeed, is all to the Latin derivatives, so cool and quiet, for "to possess that half of the language within which Latin heredities lurk and Romanesque allusions are at play is to possess the state and security of a dead tongue, without the death." She seeks in style qualities that control rather than stimulate, is careless to cry aloud in the market-place, will not be clamant, and would rather have you not suspect the measure of her resources for the discretion of the art that conceals them. So that it will surprise you on analysis to find that she, who is never rhetorical,

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possesses and has used every artifice of rhetoric.

It is the first instalment, then, of one's claim for Mrs. Meynell, that she has the choicer equipment of a critic, the comprehensive experience of life and letters, the acute vision, the easy control of an exquisite medium. But from the absolute critics, the two or three who interpret to an age, more than this is required. Of such we ask in addition an unity, an organic unity, of purpose and of aim. Some fecund principle of thought, far-reaching in its scope, and bearing upon what is vital rather than what is accidental, this alone can give birth to a criticism that shall be creative, dynamic. For in the positive, not the negative pole of criticism, in its power to modify the old mental attitude and to suggest the new, must always lie its highest achievement. Nor can the operations of this principle be limited to any one department of human activity; on all alike, on art, on letters, on conduct, it will have its shaping word. Such a principle underlies Mrs. Meynell's work. It is rooted in a certain austere philosophy. "The half is better than the whole," cried the Greek; and Mrs. Meynell, too, solves many problems by her willingness to accept, and even appropriate the limitations of life. Of one whose "personality made laws for me," she says, "he had always prayed temperate prayers and harboured probable wishes." Her most frequent counsel is to do without. "I could wish," she tells us, "abstention to exist, and even to be evident, in my words." Criticism is made up of innumerable rejections; and, if even rejections trouble that composure which is the heart's attainable felicity, what of the things rejected? By exclusion alone can we preserve unrifled our treasury of quietness, exclusion on the one hand of the raw, the slovenly, the blatant; on the other, of the opulent, the ostentatious, the tormented. In all things it is to "the little less" that she would "recall a rhetorical world." In art she would cure the disease of ornament by the wholesome tonic of plain spaces; in nature she prefers to "the clamorous proclamation of summer in the English woods" those finer lines of an unrecognised Italy; "cypresses shaped like flames, tall pines with the abrupt flatness of their tops, thin canes in the brakes, sharp aloes by the roadside, and olives with the delicate acuteness of the leaf." To be simple—it is the simplest of all secrets; and who shall say that it is not worth preaching in a flamboyant age? And in virtue of this gospel of simplicities and silences we count Mrs. Meynell high among critics, and place her pregnant pages on the shelf beside the *Essays in Criticism* and the *Studies in the Renaissance.*

Edmund K. Chambers.

RENOUNCEMENT.

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

Alice Meynell.

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GEORGE HENRY LEWES AND THORNTON HUNT.

When I first went to London, in 1845, I had but one friend outside the house of our family lawyer under whose care I was placed, with the chaperonage of his mother and sisters superadded to his own more business-like superintendence. This friend was Samuel Laurence, the artist, with whom I had become acquainted at my father's house in Keswick, when he was on a visit to Mr. Spedding, of Mirehouse. He had been brought there by Mr. James Spedding —author of that monumental edition of Bacon's works to which he gave his whole energies—one of the wisest thinkers, as well as one of the sweetest natures, the world has ever seen. Quiet, self-possessed, steadfast, unselfish, his life was without flaw, and his death was as lovely as his life had been—a death perfect in moral grandeur and lofty justice. Essentially on the same lines as that of Lord Kilwarden, when, with his last breath he prayed that his murderers should have a fair trial, so did James Spedding repeat more than once that "it was not the cabman's fault" that he was knocked down and run over and killed.

Though Mr. Laurence failed to accomplish his one grand desire and effort, namely, the discovery of the Venetian secret of colouring, and though, by his experiments in glazes, grounds, and varnishes, some of his oil paintings were soon ruined by peeling off in broad patches, or by sinking into the canvas to the loss of all brilliancy and delicacy, he was a notable portrait-painter in his day, and his chalk drawings are among the best likenesses of certain eminent personages that we have. His style was broad, manly, and without affectation; and he had the faculty of rendering the likeness both natural and lifelike. Had he been content to work on the lines of ordinary artists, and to do the best he could with current methods, he would have been grandly successful both in fame and profit. But the will-o'-the-wisp which Veronese and Carpaccio came up with and caught, lured him on to irremediable failure—a noble failure truly, but none the less disastrous to his family and himself. He was a charming man in all ways, and Fitzgerald's expression, "like the little gentleman he is," was well bestowed. Of lower than gentle, of higher than humble birth, nature had supplied what was lacking by inheritance, and the son of an honest tradesman as he was, he might have matched in true delicacy and refinement the owner of the most illustrious name that could be mentioned.

He had married a Miss Gliddon—a tall, fine, handsome woman, who overtopped him in height and I should say surpassed him in weight; and he and his wife and children formed a family community whose several members kept joint household—John Gliddon, married to Jacintha, Thornton Hunt's sister; Thornton Hunt, married to Kate Gliddon, John's sister; two, at one time three, unmarried sisters, one of whom managed the housekeeping; and Samuel Laurence, who had married Anastasia, the cousin of the Gliddons before mentioned. They occupied a large house in Queen's Road, Bayswater, where they lived in peace and amity, shared expenses, and "received" on Sundays; and where the married women had their babies and attended to their children without the interrupting cares of housekeeping. Here it was that I took my first independent step in the matter of society, for Mrs. Laurence called on me, by virtue of her husband's acquaintance with my family and myself —by virtue too of my sisters and myself having been his sitters at Keswick—thus being among the covenanted and certified.

Bayswater was not then the unbroken continuation of Oxford Street that it is now. Lancaster Gate was not built; Palace Court, Leicester and Palace Squares were still in the clouds; and there was a long stretch of waste land, which the solution of continuity in the way of houses rendered desolate enough. But I thought nothing of the walk from Montagu Place, where I then lived; and I very soon became a constant Sunday visitor at the house.

What I can remember of that early time I recall with great pleasure; but so much has happened since then that many of the figures I met there have become dimmed and effaced. I remember

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Smith Williams, the leader for Smith and Elder, a man who fulfilled the Spanish proverb about him who speaks softly and writes harshly. In voice, manner, and conversation he was the gentlest creature imaginable; but his letters were harsh and acrid, and no one could think more cruelly than he—no one wound more deeply when it came to the pen-and-ink contradiction of his mild words and half-hinted promises. I remember too, old Robert Owen, the philanthropic Socialist; and Dr. Travers his disciple, called the Paraclete of the movement. Robert Owen was a kindly old man, with that pseudo-exactness in the matter of details which Proudhon had had before him, and which belongs to certain "viewy folk" who promulgate schemes that sound so well on paper and are so unworkable in fact. Frank Stone, too, was there; and Edward Pigott—in after years, when the pleasant little Philanstery had moved to Hammersmith; Mrs. Milner Gibson; a Mrs. Brazier, made much of as a woman of large means holding advanced views; Matilda Hayes; Amelia Edwards; Edward Larkin; Morris Moore, and many others. But chief of all the constant friends and visitors were George Henry Lewes and his pretty little wife Agnes.

Of the secret history wherein these two bore their part I will say nothing. Let the dead past bury its dead. I have already spoken out and done my best to rescue from obloquy the name of the one who was made the scapegoat—the one who was by far the more steadfast, the more loyal, the more logical of the two. In all that followed the world elected to crown the successful and to brand the comparatively obscure; but the world does not always judge aright, and moral astigmatism is quite as general as is the physical.

Lewes was a singularly plain man, deeply pitted with the small-pox, with narrow jaws and somewhat drawn-in cheeks. He had bright, vivacious, and well-shaped eyes, a quantity of bright brown hair, and a flexible mouth of singular moistness. He was the first of the audacious men of my acquaintance, and about the most extreme. He had neither shame nor reticence in his choice of subjects, but would discourse on the most delicate matters of physiology with no more perception that he was transgressing the bounds of propriety than if he had been a learned savage. I heard more startling things from Lewes, in full conclave of young and old, married and single, men and women, than I had ever dreamt of or heard hinted at before. And I know that men complained of his after-dinner talk and anecdotes as being beyond the license accorded to, or taken by, even the boldest talkers of the mess-table and the club smoking-room. He did not go so far as this in public, but he went very far; and to a young girl, fresh from a country life where the faint echoes of "plums, prunes, and prisms" still lingered, it was all embarrassing and "shocking" enough.

His manners, too, were as free as his talk. It was said of another notable man in his day, that his way of shaking hands suggested the Divorce Court; and the same might be said of Lewes's manners to the women he liked and was intimate with. I myself was at Mrs. Milner Gibson's when he shouted across the room: "Arethusa, come here!" and I saw him perch himself familiarly on the arm of the chair in which she was sitting. Yet he had no cause for such a breach of good taste and good manners. Mrs. Milner Gibson was his good friend, as she was a good friend to so many whom her kindly social patronage could serve; for she was one of the most generous, most large-hearted women of her day. But I know that Mr. Lewes's familiarity tried her temper, as it would have tried the temper of any woman. I remember, too, his offering to kiss a pretty young girl on her taking leave of the family one Sunday night, and his offended and reproachful tone when she turned away her head and refused his kiss. It was the tone which should have been used had she submitted to this or any other like familiarity. That, too, was a startling experience to me, which upset my moral arithmetic for many days.

It was at one of these Sunday evening gatherings that I first heard the then notorious song of "Sam Hall" quoted and discussed. If my memory serves me right, this bold and tragically blasphemous ditty was sung at the "Judge and Jury," where "Baron Nicholson" was the presiding genius, and where they said the cleverest and most amusing things in London were to be heard,

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said, and sung. We were not New Women then, and the eggshell still rested in our curly heads; so the most curious of us had to content ourselves with such fragmentary reports as the initiated chose to give. And eager as I was to "see life," and to understand the hidden realities of society, I confess that awful refrain of "Sam Hall" proved a sufficient damper to my curiosity, and I lost my desire to peep through the forbidden doors and see for myself what the notorious "Judge and Jury" was like. But I remember the way in which the song was discussed at that house in Queen's Road—how Thornton Hunt took it seriously and philosophically as a sign of the times—how George Lewes made it the subject of some brilliant persiflage and audacity—and how Samuel Laurence deprecated it altogether, both as a subject of general conversation and as a thing allowed by the police and those who were responsible for the preservation of public decency.

This, indeed, was the permanent mental attitude of these three men. George Lewes and Thornton Hunt were essentially freethinkers, not only on theological questions, to which the term is usually narrowed, but on all moral and social matters whatsoever, beginning at the beginning and working upward to the apex. Their views on marriage were those of Grant Allen and the modern school of New Hedonists. Love alone was the sole priest needed—confession and inclination made the one binding tie and ceremony. Legal obligation was to them the remnant of a foregone barbarism, and enforced permanency was unholy tyranny. I have heard this matter discussed and debated scores of times, and with ever the same intellectual weapons. Inclination and temperament, the strength of the senses and the desire of the flesh were Lewes's swift arrows of sharpness—arrows brilliantly feathered, and like those of Acestes, flaming as they flew; while Thornton argued the matter on more impersonal and less individual grounds—philosophically, platonically, and what he held would be of the greatest advantage to the community at large. Mr. Laurence naturally took the conservative side, and banned the whole thing as a devil-born heresy from beginning to end.

Though their actions were identical, both in temperament and motive, Thornton Hunt and George Lewes were widely different. "Si duo faciunt idem non est idem." Fiery-hearted, devoted, and absolutely sincere, Thornton was no mere sensualist preaching the doctrine of license for his own self-interest. He loved where he should not, but so far as the intrinsic purity of a nature can redeem the wrong of an action, his nature redeemed his actions. His total freedom from grossness concentrated the blame attaching to him on the wrong-headedness of his principles. Given those principles, he acted on them as the logical outcome of the faith that was in him. Had he held other views he would have been a saint and a martyr. He had, indeed, the martyr's temperament, and could have gone to the stake for his belief—as in a certain sense he did. He was a chivalrous, true, perfectly sincere, and unselfish man, whose acted life was warped by crooked beliefs; but no one could have accused him of lies, trickery, double-dealing, or selfishness. And for all his "irregularity" he was not licentious.

Lewes was of another stamp. He had nothing of that strain of asceticism leading to martyrdom which ran through his friend's character. Frankly sensual, frankly self-indulgent and enjoying, he was the born Epicurean—the natural Hedonist. Life to him meant love and pleasure; and he had that bright and expansive quality which makes pleasure and finds it everywhere. In work and in idleness, in the *sans façon* of Bohemianism, and in the more orderly amusements of conventional society—in scientific discussion and in empty persiflage he was equally at home; and wherever he went there was a patch of intellectual sunshine in the room.

Plain as both men were, their qualities were as silver veils which covered their defects. The brightness and versatility of Lewes, and the wonderful expressiveness of his eyes, made one forget the unlovely rest; while the same might be said of Thornton's sweeter, graver, gentler face, which had a more inward light than his friend's—less animation, less versatility, but more attraction and more tenderness. Samuel Laurence was better-looking than either, but his face had not the strange charm of these other two. If there was less to forgive in him there was less to fascinate; and though he did not give his

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wife the same cause for gossip as did these others, I fancy she suffered even more than they from the trials and "provocations" familiar to poor Madame Palissy. She did not share in her husband's enthusiastic quest after that Venetian secret; and she did lament the exiguity of the family resources thereby produced, when, as was most certain, if Laurence had confined himself to doing the best he knew—free from experimental excursions into the unknown—he might have been the foremost and most successful portrait-painter of his time. As it was, hard workers and brilliantly equipped as all three men were, they all failed in life, and not one has left his monument behind him. Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, and his small *History of Philosophy*, are his sole title-deeds to fame on his own account. As the companion of George Eliot, and the owner of the name she bore, he will be remembered so long as she is remembered—which will be always. But for himself, neither as the author of *Rose, Blanche, and Violet*, nor as the quasi-dilettante scientist, nor as the writer of those brilliant papers in the *Examiner* which "Slingsby Laurence" fathered, will his name and fame endure. For indeed, who knows anything about these matters now? And who, save fossils whose memory carries them back to the dark ages of the present century, or those curious investigators who like to stir up the ashes of burnt-out literary fires, would care to unearth these buried treasures? Who would read the old numbers of the defunct *Leader*, which Thornton Hunt and George Lewes mainly wrote — which was chiefly financed by poor Edward Pigott—and which proved to be a veritable Chat Moss so far as his money went, and only a temporary sop in the pan for these others?

Time has now swept away the whole of that group of early friends save one—Agnes Lewes, George Lewes's wife, that pretty, rosebud-like woman, whose "dono fatale di bellezza" worked its usual tale of woe to all concerned. Those who were children in arms at the time of which I write are now mature men and women; those who were strapping boys and girls, just emerging from the nursery, are now grey-headed and grey-bearded. The rest have played their part, and only dear memories and the loyalty of ancient love remain as imperishable wreaths on their graves. Samuel Laurence and his friends James Spedding, Fitzgerald, the Coleridges, Joshua Stangers, and others, have closed their eyes to the things of time, and the provocations of poor, harassed Anastasia are over for ever. Thornton Hunt, with all his vital nobleness, because of his absolute sincerity of nature, all his strength of purpose and gentleness of manner, all his fire and all his tenderness, he and his wife—one of the sweetest and best women that ever lived—they, too, have drained their wine-cup to the lees, and made their libation to Death. And George Lewes, who sacrificed some part of his integrity for the gain that accrued, he and his gifts and intellectual graces, his mistakes and his lapses, his brilliancy and his want of absolute thoroughness, together with all that was lovable and generous in his nature—he, too, has learnt the great secret, and knows no more of life's perplexities.

Mrs. Lynn Linton.

A NOTE ON KATE FIELD.

I was taken one evening by Oliver Lay, in the early sixties, to call on Kate Field, then living with her mother in Twenty-sixth or Twenty-seventh Street, west of Sixth Avenue, in New York. She was writing editorials for the *Herald* on a salary of five thousand dollars a year, which was considered, in those days, an enormous price, and she was looked upon as the most promising young woman in her profession in America. For thirty years or more we were excellent friends, meeting in all parts of the New World and the Old. She and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton were my mother's guests in Edinburgh one summer. We spent six weeks with her in Paris during the year of the Exposition

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of 1878. We saw much of her in London before and after that. She knew my wife before I did, and all our relations with her were most pleasant and intimate. She was a woman with a good deal of brain and a great deal of heart—sympathetic, loyal, and very generous. On many points we did not agree; but upon no subject did we ever quarrel. I have known her to put herself to no little trouble and expense to help those who had no claim upon her; and I have known her to demand a good deal of help from those upon whom she had no claim. She was a curious admixture of sentiment and assurance. She was an indefatigable worker, quick and ready with her pen and her tongue. She was blessed with a good deal of practical common sense, and yet she did many foolish things. She made many warm friends, and she antagonised friends whom she could not afford to lose. She was ambitious, self-assertive, and self-advertising; but she was the soul of honesty and honour. She had a feminine side, with all her masculinity and angularity, and there was a gentleness and sweetness about her which the world did not suspect. She was bitterly treated, but I never heard her speak bitterly. She fought a hard fight against the world, and she fought it alone. She never hit a man when he was down, and she never hit a false blow. She said what she thought, without regard to the ultimate effect of her speech upon herself. She had a good deal of tact; and yet sometimes she was utterly tactless. She was a stanch friend, and never a cruel enemy. She made many mistakes. She had a hard life and not a very successful one; but she never lost her self-respect, and she never forfeited the respect of those who have known her. She lived alone, even as a young and not unattractive girl; she went about the world alone and unattended; yet she never laid herself open to reproach or insult; and no word against the purity of her private character has ever been uttered.

She was one of the cleverest, most self-contained, most self-sustaining women of her generation in any country, and hers was one of the most contradictory individualities I have ever known. But the good always, and largely, predominated over the bad. She never had a home. She died alone as she lived alone. And I am sure she died like the brave woman she was.

Laurence Hutton.

EVENTS.

Some day, I'll turn a corner, or a leaf;
  Go up, instead of down; or cross a floor;
  See some small sign I never saw before;
Hear one wild cry of joy, or rage, or grief;
Feel something in the air, as strange as brief;
  Or note a letter glide beneath my door;
  Or write one word too much, or two, or more;
Or catch one look as subtle as a thief.

Then heaven will seem very near, or far;
  The earth will slip from underneath my feet;
    The past will be a thing without a name:
My soul will leap and plunge from star to star,
  Or on the gates of Hades it will beat,
    As crimson as red Murder with its shame.

John Ernest McCann.

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AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY EDMUND WALLER.

It is always a pleasant surprise to the collector of old books to find some record of the former owners of the precious volumes he so eagerly seeks, especially if those owners were men of note in their day and generation. He feels a double joy if there is an autograph or presentation inscription of the author. Though these are rarely met with, they are regarded as special prizes, and command exceptional prices in the market.

I have recently added to my collection one of the four issues of the first edition of the *Poems* of Edmund Waller, published in 1645, which contains on the blank leaf facing the title what purports to be a copy of verses signed by Waller.

FRANCES, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL, TO WHOM WALLER PRESENTED A COPY OF HIS "POEMS" WITH THE AUTOGRAPH LINES REPRODUCED ON PAGE 526.

I did not place much confidence in the claim made for this supposed autograph; and, in fact, bought the book to complete my set of the variations in the first edition. I could not find a specimen of Waller's handwriting to compare with the poem, so for a time I dismissed the matter as of little importance. A later reading of the poem convinced me that the style was decidedly Waller's, and in this opinion I have the confirmation of several persons well read in the poetry of the period. I became very much interested in the matter, and my investigations convince me that I have an undoubted original poem.

The title of the poem is somewhat faint and not easily read. I saw, however, that it was written to celebrate the marriage of some one with "Mr. Rich." Turning to Waller's *Poems*, I found a poem "Upon the Death of the Lady Rich." Fenton, in a note on this poem, in his beautiful quarto edition of 1729, states that this Lady Rich died in 1638, leaving one son, who afterward married Frances, fourth and youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell. Here, then, was the key. The *Dictionary of National Biography* says that Frances, youngest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was married to Robert Rich on November 11th, 1657, and on his death to Sir John Russell, Bart. There remained, then, but one more link in the chain, and that was supplied by a friend who sent me from London a tracing from an original specimen of Waller's handwriting. A comparison of the fac similes herewith reproduced is sufficient to establish their identity.

The poem, then, was written by Waller, and doubtless presented to Frances Cromwell with the copy of his *Poems* on the occasion of her first marriage. The well-known relationship between the Wallers and Cromwells through the Hampden family renders this extremely probable. Waller's mother, we read, was much in the household of the Protector, who called her "aunt," while

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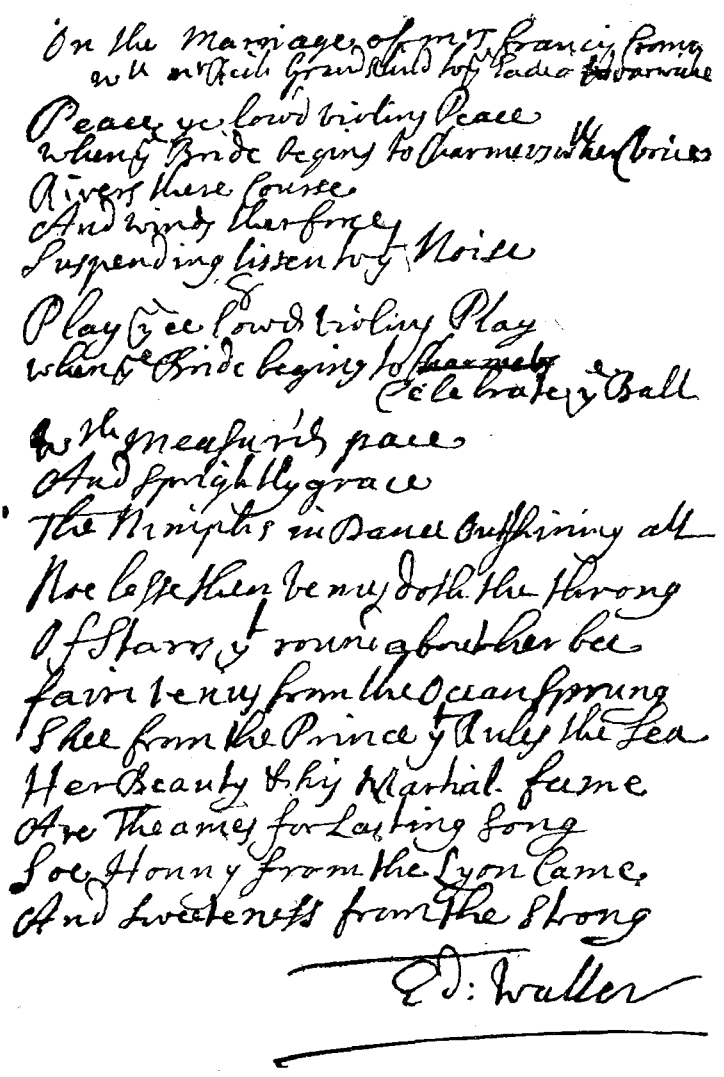

FAC-SIMILE OF A POEM IN THE HANDWRITING OF EDMUND WALLER DISCOVERED IN A COPY OF HIS "POEMS."

"On the marriage of Mts. Frances Cromwell wth Mr. Rich Grandchild to the Earle of Warwicke.

Peace ye lowd Violins, Peace,
When the Bride begins to charm us with her Voice,
Rivers their course
And winds their force
Suspending listen to the noise.

Play ye lowd Violins, Play!
When the Bride begins to celebrate the Ball,
With measured pace
And sprightly grace
The Nimphs in Dance outshining all.

Noe less then Venus doth the throng
Of Stars that round about her bee.
Faire Venus from the Ocean sprang,
She from the Prince that rules the Sea.

Her Beauty and his martial fame
Are theames for Lasting Song,
Soe Honny from the Lyon came,
And sweetness from the strong.*

ED. WALLER.

This poem does not appear in any of the early editions of Waller, and is unknown to the editor of the very excellent edition lately published in the Muses Library.

It is a fact that Waller rigidly excluded his poems on Cromwell from all the editions of his *Poems* published after the Restoration, and during his own lifetime. After his death they were

the poet himself was "on terms of considerable intimacy" with Cromwell, who recalled him from his long banishment in France. On his return Waller wrote his poem to Cromwell, which has always been considered one of his best efforts, and provoked comparison with the poem written to celebrate the Restoration of King Charles the Second. When the superiority of the poem to Cromwell was pointed out, Waller made the celebrated reply that poets succeeded best in fiction.

I now add the poem as it appears on the fly-leaf of the volume of *Poems:*

* It is noteworthy that Waller used the same ideas in his poem on the marriage of the Princess Mary to William of Nassau in 1677. The poem appears in the edition of 1682. The first stanza is as follows:

"As once the lion honey gave,
Out of the strong such sweetness came;
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produced this sweet, this lovely dame."

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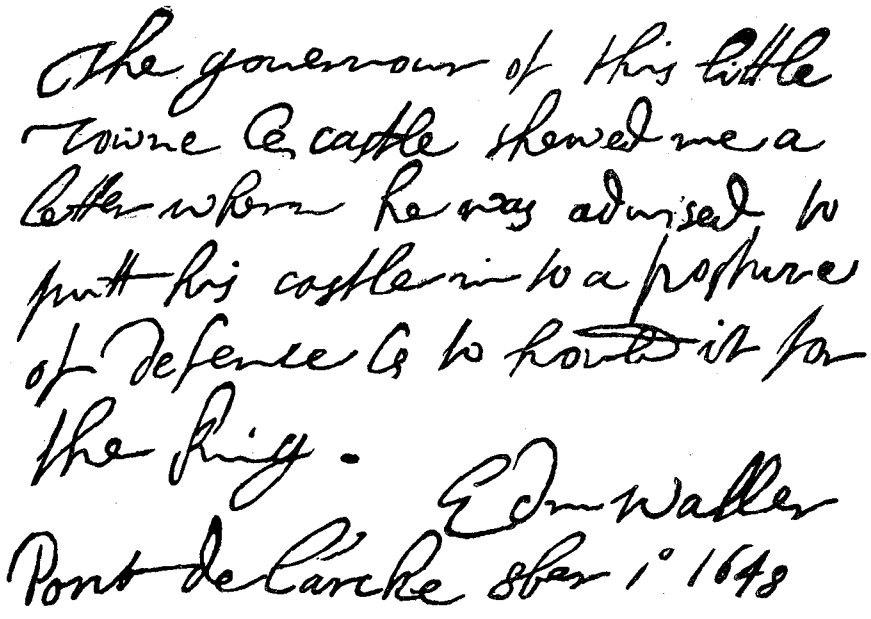

FAC-SIMILE OF WALLER'S HANDWRITING WHICH ESTABLISHES THE IDENTITY OF THE VERSES FOUND BY MR. CHEW ON A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF WALLER'S "POEMS."

printed in the volumes called *The Maid's Tragedy Altered* and *The Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems*, both of which were issued in 1690. This poem, however, being private and personal, had never been printed, and so escaped the notice of the editors.

Beverly Chew.

PARIS LETTER.

I trust that it is not too late to say a few words about M. Jules Simon, in whom the Republic of Letters, no less than the French Republic, has sustained a great loss. His life may be held up as an example and a lesson to all men, and in particular to those who follow the profession of letters, of which he was so distinguished an ornament. He was the hardest of workers, and to the very end lived up to the principle which was laid down by Balzac: "*Le travail constant est la loi de l'art, comme celle de la vie, car l'art c'est la création idéalisée.*" One was always certain to find him in his little study in the apartment on the fifth floor of the house on the Place de la Madeleine, which he had inhabited ever since he first came to Paris. To the last he earned with his pen the expenses of a large household. His best work was undoubtedly his daily contribution to the *Temps*, entitled *Mon Petit Journal*, which usually took the form of a comment on some passing topic, with a wealth of illustration from his vast storehouse of experience, which no other writer, except perhaps Mr. Gladstone, could afford. He was a very kindly man, and was always ready "to give a consultation" to any interviewer who called on him, in spite of the fact that he once complained in his *Mon Petit Journal* article of a development of modern journalism—interviewing—which wasted the time of public men, allowing them no remuneration in return. However, as he was undoubtedly the best-informed man in Paris, as well as one of the most widely read, his *confrères* of the press refused to take the hint, and I suppose not a day passed but some reporter climbed the five stories of his house to "consult" him on some point. He was too kind ever to refuse admission to a *confrère*. It fell to my

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lot on more than one occasion to obtain from him expressions of opinion on current events, and each time was literally astonished at his immense knowledge. He was a living encyclopædia. Once, very much against my will, I was assigned by an American editor, to whom I was acting as Paris correspondent, to ask him what he thought of the feat of an American girl reporter, who had accomplished the journey round the world in the shortest time on record. He smiled with some pity when I had explained my mission, and asked how he could be expected to express any opinion on such a performance. I was about to take my departure, for I fully shared his view on the nature of my call, when he began to talk on travelling since the world began, and for upward of an hour kept me listening with most rapt attention to one of the most interesting *causeries* that I have ever heard. He could talk on any and every subject, yet he was no *causeur*, and preferred to listen, for, as he used to say, one can always learn. Although a very kindly man, he could say very cutting things when he chose. One day, as he was leaving the Académie des Sciences Morales, he heard various Academicians criticising, with great severity, an absent colleague.

"Come, come," said Jules Simon, "are you not rather too hard on our *confrère?* I consider that he has at least one excellent quality—an enormous quality—he does not pose, and that is a very rare thing when a man has no talent whatever."

When I last saw him—some years ago—he struck me as looking terribly old and worn. I was going to a reception at the house of a great French novelist, and met Jules Simon coming downstairs. He had been dining in the house. Later on in the evening, the novelist said to me, "I had two old gentlemen to dinner to-night, so old, indeed, that when they had left I said to my wife, 'How thankful I am that nobody died at our table this evening.' For, I assure you, they both looked so old that I expected every minute to hear a little crack, like that of a lamp-globe breaking, and to see that I had lost one of my guests." Yet Jules Simon's longevity was perhaps less surprising, considering his admirable manner of life, than his constant industry up to the very end. Barthélemy St. Hilaire resembled his brother member of the Institute in this respect, and was a constant worker even after the age of ninety, but there was between these two veteran workers this salient difference, that whereas the wealthy Barthélemy St. Hilaire worked for his pleasure, and at work which was congenial to him, Jules Simon had to toil for the bread of his children and grandchildren.

I am asked by Madame Jules Simon, who has received numerous letters of condolence from English admirers of her late husband, to publish the following note: "Mme. Jules Simon and her children would have wished to express their feelings of deep gratitude to the friends who have been good enough to give them such touching proofs of sympathy with them in the terrible misfortune which has befallen them. These manifestations have been so numerous that to their great regret they are unable to express their thanks directly and individually. Let this note stand as the expression of their sincere and deep gratitude to all their friends both known and unknown."

The result of the last elections to the French Academy was exactly what was predicted in THE BOOKMAN, at a time when all the papers were speaking of M. Zola's election as a foregone conclusion. I do not hope to see Monsieur Zola in the Academy for some time yet, until more of the old Immortals have vacated their *fauteuils*. In the mean time the French papers are again putting the name of M. Alphonse Daudet forward as the likely candidate at the next election. As M. Daudet is not a candidate, and has over and over again expressed his determination never to become one, this seems premature. It looks, however, as if there existed in Paris a conspiracy to force his hand. I know that representations are constantly being made to him on the subject on every side, but I am unable to say how many of these are sincere and how many are perfidious. However, we shall see. *L'Académicien malgré lui* would be an excellent social study.

Léon Daudet has been very ill, but is now better, and is *en convalescence* at Champrosay. He has been overworking himself.

Prince Roland Bonaparte's new mansion in the Avenue d'Jéna has recently been completed. It is worth noting

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that by the special order of this princely bookman, the library in his palace is constructed so as to accommodate 1,800,000 volumes. This shows no ordinary interest in literature, and one sees in the Prince the direct opposite of our old friend the "*homo unius libri*." *Apropos* of him, I remember saying to Jules Simon on an occasion when he was showing me his books, with which his apartment was packed from floor to ceiling and from antechamber to dressing-room, that he did not profess the principles of the one-book man. He said that no such man ever existed, though men may have pretended, out of *pose*, to be able to satisfy themselves with one author to the exclusion of all other books. One wonders where are the 1,800,000 books which so keen a connoisseur as Roland Bonaparte will place in his library.

Mr. Robert Bruce Douglas, whose *Life and Times of Madame Dubarry*, published by Smithers, has been so favorably received by the press, is an English journalist who has for many years been resident in Paris. Mr. Douglas took to journalism after losing a fortune in an industrial enterprise, and was for some years editor of a paper published in Nice. On removing to Paris, he joined the staff of *Galignani's Messenger*, and subsequently acted as Paris correspondent to a number of English papers. His success with this book of his has enabled him, to his huge delight, to "get out of journalism," and he is now, I hear, engaged in writing on commission two long historical works. Mr. Douglas is the author of a capital pocket-guide to the Louvre Museum.

Mr. Edward H. Cooper, whose keen face was once so familiar in the Authors' Club, the author of *Richard Escott* and other successful novels, has recently been appointed editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, or the *Daily Messenger*, as it is now called. Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company will publish a new novel by Mr. Cooper in October.

Victor Hugo is to have a statue at last, and not later than next year. It will be erected at Besançon, by subscription. The subscription list has not yet been opened, but various sums have already been promised, and the Municipal Council of Besançon has voted a sum of 5000 francs for the purpose. The committee of the Paris statue to Victor Hugo, who have collected upward of £6000, have ordered a statue from Barrias, the sculptor; but this will not be inaugurated till 1900. It seems strange that so illustrious a man as Hugo should have had to wait so many years for such inadequate recognition of his great services to his country.

It is too early, at the time of writing, to comment on the result of the labours of the Publishers' Congress, which is at present sitting in Paris. That must be held over till next month.

Robert H. Sherard.
123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

PANSIES.

"I love almost all flowers that blow,"
Said dainty Kitty, airily.
"But pansies, when your vase you fill,
They'll make you think 'tis winter chill,
And fairly shiver, just to see
How, close and tight as they can be,
They creep, and creep, and huddle so!"

"The very prettiest flowers that blow,"
Said Sally, "are the pansies dear.
Their little faces blink and wink,
They really seem almost to think;
And when in dish or vase they dwell,
Their thoughts they must each other tell,
They cheek to cheek will cuddle so!"

Sara E. L. Case.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE ADVENTURES OF MY LIFE.*

The second volume of Henri Rochefort's memoirs, which was recently issued in Paris, is fully as interesting as the first. It begins with the exile after the seizure of *La Lanterne*, and closes with the early days of the Commune. On leaving Paris in 1868 the journalist went to the Channel Islands, where Victor Hugo was living, also in exile. As they were both fighting a common enemy, the two men were naturally drawn close together, and, in fact, Rochefort tells us that Hugo made him one of the family. The first chapters of the second volume are taken up with interesting reminiscences of the great poet and novelist. In reply to the charge of avarice which has been repeatedly made against Victor Hugo, Rochefort says :

"The truth is, that every day we had five or six strangers at the table without counting us, my daughter, my son Octave, and myself. The most unimportant visitor who came to see me was asked to stop to dinner, and I was often embarrassed at the extreme kindness with which he received people who were absolute strangers to me, simply because he thought they were my friends. This is the absolute truth, for my admiration for the great poet who has written the most beautiful verse that a language can be justly proud of has never made me close my eyes to his faults, which were very few, and consisted almost exclusively in a tendency to form erroneous judgments of public opinion and in literary prejudices of long standing, which sometimes caused him to be unjust."

Rochefort considered Hugo a keen judge of good literary style. The poet did not hesitate to express his distaste even for such authors as Balzac and Stendhal, who are commonly accepted as masters in literature.

"Speaking of Stendhal one day, Hugo said to me: 'The only works which have a chance to live through the ages are those which are well written. Do you believe that if Voltaire's *Candide* were written in the same style as Stendhal's *Le Rouge et le Noir* it would still be read to-day? Montesquieu is still read because he knew how to write. Stendhal cannot live because he never knew what the art of writing meant. No one,' he continued, 'has a greater admiration for the genius of Balzac than myself. But even Balzac did not know how to write. Style is the art of expressing all the sensations with words. Try and re-read Balzac. You will soon find that he is unfamiliar with his own tongue, and that he never succeeds in saying the admirable things that he would like to say. I prophesy that Balzac, too, will be forgotten, and sooner than we imagine.' At first I was inclined to think that this was the rather partial criticism of a man who, however celebrated himself, might feel annoyed at the fame of others. But I soon recognised my mistake. I tried hard to enjoy Balzac, but his colourless language and the numerous solecisms with which his best novels abound soon caused me to let the volume slip from my hands."

To illustrate Hugo's philosophical indifference to public opinion, Rochefort relates two incidents that came under his own observation :

"Hugo presented the most surprising contrasts. The poet, so respectful of his pen, the novelist, conscientious and precise to the point of pouring torrents of erudition on to a single page, took as little interest in his prose and poetry once they were written as if they were destined to grow mouldy eternally in his desk drawer. I never once heard him recite one of his Alexandrines, and I am not quite sure that he even read them over after having written them. He left the care of correcting his proofs to Paul Meurice, and immediately set himself to other tasks, not even taking from his daily toil sufficient time to enjoy his glory. He appeared absolutely indifferent to plagiarisms of his poetry, pirated editions of his works, or typographical errors. One day, right in front of the house, we heard a man crying : 'Just out! *Le Christ au Vatican*, by Victor Hugo.' 'What's that?' I asked. 'Did you write that?' 'No, I did not write it,' he replied, laughing. 'Why don't you take measures to stop such rubbish being sold in your name?' I asked. 'Why should I go to that trouble?' he replied. 'Those who read my verse know that the fictitious verse is not by me. As to those who are not familiar with my writings, it would be cruel to disillusionise them.' A few days later I noticed a misprint in one of the lines of his famous *Orientales*. The line should be 'Des fleurs à paver un palais,' but all the publishers, without exception, had printed it 'Des fleurs à payer un palais.' One cannot 'pay' a palace with flowers, but it is possible to 'pave' one with flowers, and it was evident that the poet had written the word 'pave.' 'You are quite right,' he said, when I pointed out the mistake. 'I must ask Meurice to see that it is corrected in future editions.' Twenty eight years have gone by since then, yet every new edition of Hugo's works still contains that same error. The poet had not even taken the trouble to mention the matter to Meurice."

Like most prominent men, especially successful authors, Hugo was pestered by begging letters, and Rochefort says that he himself now receives nearly as many as the poet did during those years of exile.

* Les Aventures de Ma Vie. By Henri Rochefort. Vol. II. Paris: Paul Dupont, publisher; New York: Meyer Brothers & Co.

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"One day Hugo took a large bundle of these letters from a trunk, and we calculated that he would need two millions annually to be able to give even one quarter of what was asked of him. Among other letters addressed to the poet was a little note on perfumed paper, and the handwriting of which indicated a person of education. It ran as follows: 'Dear and illustrious master, I am told that the publication of your superb novel, *Les Misérables*, has brought you a million and a half. I won't be too exacting. I only ask you for a tenth part of that sum.' Then followed elaborate instructions concerning how the money should be sent. Of course Hugo never paid any attention to these impudent demands, and it is possible that it was these mendicants who invented the legend of Hugo's avarice."

Charles Hugo, the poet's son, was, as is well known, a reckless spendthrift; and Rochefort describes one of his methods of procuring funds at his celebrated father's expense:

"Charles said to me one evening: 'I want you to do me a great service. I don't know how I can manage this month. I have already had several advances from my father, and I don't care to ask him again. I want you, if you will, to start a game of baccarat, and get him to play.'

"'But he has never touched a card in his life,' I interrupted.

"'That doesn't matter,' replied Charles. 'You have sufficient influence with him to induce him to play. I need 800 francs urgently, and to avoid a scene, I prefer that he should lose the money at cards than ask him for it.'

"I finally consented, although sadly against my own wishes, and after dinner we all sat down, leaving Victor Hugo isolated in a corner of the room. After the third deal Charles made a place for his father to draw up to the table, but all we could persuade him to do was to play standing up. It was atrocious. When Charles had lost he threw his cards at once in the basket and cried, 'Nine,' which meant of course that he had won. And Victor Hugo paid each time without a murmur. He continued to play obstinately until, when the 800 francs had been won, the prodigal son became once more the honest man that he was all his life. The calmness with which Victor Hugo laid his bank-notes on the table was really touching."

Rochefort grows enthusiastic when he speaks of Hugo's lyric gifts, and he marvels how such a genius should have been so deficient in other directions.

"He not only wrote verse, but he actually thought in verse. He confessed to me that when he woke in the morning his first sentence always came to him in the form of an Alexandrine. Often in the course of an animated discussion he would begin, without the slightest preparation, to scan and rhyme his arguments. One evening at dinner, when we were talking of the growing power of the Jews in finance, he answered me entirely in verse, continuing to eat at the same time. Of music and painting Hugo knew absolutely nothing, and this is very curious in one who has painted such thrilling and magnificent word pictures. I have often seen him standing in mute admiration in front of an absolutely worthless daub, while a painting of real artistic value, which might be placed next to it, he would pass without noticing. The reason was that he only saw the idea, and his vivid imagination made up for the shortcomings of the artist."

Although exiled, Rochefort still continued the publication of *La Lanterne*, much to the annoyance of the imperial government. He could not, of course, print it in France, but had no difficulty in doing so in Belgium, although the Belgian Government asked him as a favour to date each number from some town in Germany, in order to avoid complications with her irritable neighbour. Some of Rochefort's schemes for getting his paper across the French frontier are very ingenious and amusing.

"I immediately rented, for the modest sum of twenty-five francs a month, a small room at Aix-la-Chapelle, where I had never been in my life, but from which place are dated almost all my *Lanternes* written in exile. In reality they were made at the Vanderauwerau printing house in Brussels itself. The paper was printed in two sizes; one of the usual dimensions for sale in foreign countries, the other very small, in order to go into France by letter post. These letters were addressed to our Parisian subscribers, and so as to economize on the postage, I had the bag of papers carried to the first French post-office, near the frontier, whence they departed for Paris without any accident. But the postal clerk soon began to wonder at receiving regularly each week so large a number of stamped letters for Paris. The Commissary of Police opened one of the letters and, of course, confiscated all the others. As the post was closed to us, we then tried smuggling. We sent emissaries to Paris, each one having his clothes full of *Lanternes*, but it was a dangerous game, and several of our messengers were caught and imprisoned. Our next plan was to take advantage of an offer made by a friend to our cause, a rich tobacco merchant, who had made a fortune by smuggling cigars into France.

"He had bribed an employé of the French Embassy at Brussels, and thanks to this person's dishonesty, the manufacturer was able to send trunks full of cigars into France, because, owing to the diplomatic immunity, the trunks of an ambassador and his attachés are not examined at the custom house. The manufacturer offered to lend us one of the trunks to fill with *Lanternes*, which would be subsequently posted in Paris by one of our friends. This stratagem succeeded for some months, but one day the tobacco fraud was discovered, and we had to imagine something new in order to enable our Paris readers to receive their paper. One day by chance Charles and I noticed a bust of Napoleon III. in the shop of an Italian plasterer. I do not know whether it was he or I that first had the idea of stuffing inside the plaster image as many *Lanternes* as the hollow of his elephant-like nose and puffed-out cheeks could contain. For fear of attracting the attention of the numerous spies whom

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the Imperial police kept in Belgium to watch us, we commissioned a friend to order from the plasterer a large quantity of these busts, which did duty as hiding-places for the *Lanternes*.

"It took fifteen busts each week to accommodate our Paris edition, and when we had carefully packed away our papers, no one could say any longer that Napoleon III. was empty-headed. There were, moreover, six *Lanternes* in each epaulette, his uniformed bosom covered sixty copies, and seven were tucked inside his sash of the Legion of Honour. When this operation was completed, two of our men, a bust in each arm, defiled victoriously before the French custom-house officials, who bowed respectfully before the image of the master. They were told that it was a large order, intended to replace in all the town halls throughout the country the other statues representing the Emperor, which were beginning to be old-fashioned. As there were about thirty-six thousand town halls in France, we had allowed ourselves plenty of margin. But an unexpected accident upset our schemes once more. One of the busts fell from the arm of the man that was carrying it and broke into a thousand pieces, disclosing to the eyes of the astonished custom house officers the blood-colored cover of *La Lanterne*.

"But after all these tentative experiments we finally found a plan which succeeded fully. In one of my art excursions I had noticed in a picture-dealer's an old picture with an extraordinary large and broad frame. It occurred to me at once that 1500 papers could easily be packed away in it, so I ordered an exact duplicate to be made with a hollow frame. Nothing better for smuggling could be imagined. Then, after I had filled it withpapers, I got a picture-dealer to send it to one of his colour dealers in Paris, where my own people secured it. The same tactics were followed each week, and the police never found out how it was that, in spite of all their precautions, *La Lanterne* reached Paris."

During the general elections of '69 Rochefort was elected deputy in the first electoral district of Paris in the place of Gambetta, who had resigned in favour of Marseilles.

"At that time Gambetta was already very stout. He had gradually transformed himself from a Cæsar into a Vitellius, but when I first knew him, several years previous, he was quite thin, with long black hair, a Jewish nose and an eye protruding from its socket in a manner which would lead one to think it would fall out altogether. This eye was, in fact, so frightful to look at that one morning, when I was taking lunch with my wife in a café in the Palais-Royal, frequented by Gambetta, she could not continue her lunch until he had gone away. It was later that he decided upon the surgical operation which completely changed his appearance; so much, in fact, that I could no longer recognise the real from the false eye. He did wisely to resign himself to this operation, for if he had not done so he would have made such a repulsive impression on his electors that his political career might have been very different."

The Empress was dumbfounded at Rochefort's success, and she wrote to Napoleon that it was "a brow in the face" that the people of Paris had given them.

"The Empress was then in Egypt for the inauguration of the Suez Canal. She wrote to her husband regarding her reception by the Khedive, letters which I found later in Napoleon's desk, and which are extraordinary, to say the least. In a style, and with the spelling of a servant girl, she sent him messages of this kind: 'Ismail-Pasha tells me things that would make your hair stand on end.' I have seen since many letters said to have been written by Mme. Bonaparte, which were very well written, correctly spelled, and entirely different to those which she dated from Cairo. There is only one explanation to this in my mind, and that is that most of the letters signed by her and which figure in autograph collections were written by one of her Maids of Honour. Certainly those which I found in the Tuileries, which teemed with solecisms and faults of French, were written by another pen. It was the same with the wife of Napoleon III. as with Rachel, the tragédienne. At the latter's sale I bought a small desk in which I found a number of letters written by her to her sister. The handwriting and the spelling were dreadful, and had nothing in common with the elegant correspondence which has been published, and which is said to have been exchanged between the actress and theatrical managers, dramatic critics and ministers. It can therefore be taken for granted on general principles that all the letters sold as having been written by Rachel or the ex-Empress Eugénie are apocryphal."

Rochefort did not see much of the struggle with Germany, for he was arrested after the Prince Bonaparte-Victor Noir affair and confined in the Sainte-Pélagie prison, where he remained until the Fourth of September, when the Empire was overthrown. He then became a member of the Government of the National Defence. Jules Favre was strongly opposed to his becoming a member of the Government, but finally gave way with the remark it was better to have Rochefort for a friend than for an enemy.

Rochefort says that Favre was exceedingly theatrical in everything he did, and when in the tribune was always seeking to make a dramatic effect. "The famous words," says Rochefort, "which Favre pronounced in his interview with Bismarck before the capitulation of Paris: 'Not an inch of our territory! Not a stone of our fortresses!' were quite characteristic of him. The same man, a few weeks later, willingly gave up to Germany all the fortresses and all the territory exacted by the conqueror."

Arthur Hornblow.

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ZOLA'S "ROME."*

In the second volume of his trilogy, *Lourdes*, *Rome*, *Paris*, Zola thus sums up an impression of Michael Angelo's frescoes :

"The blood seethed freely, the muscles projected, the figures became animated and stood out of their frames with such energy and dash that it seemed as if a flame were flashing by aloft, endowing all these beings with superhuman and immortal life. Life, aye, it was life which burst forth and triumphed—mighty, swarming life, the creation of one sole hand possessed of the supreme gift—simplicity blended with power."

Perhaps this principle of life is what one misses most in Rome. An attempt to recount ancient and modern Roman history ; to give a minute description of Rome as the tourist may see it, and also as Roman patricians and Roman prelates know it ; to deal critically with art, social science, money problems ; and, above all, with the past, present, and future of Catholicism, necessarily lacks simplicity when treated within the limits of even a nine-hundred-page novel.

Pierre Froment, the same ardent and noble young abbé who accompanied a pilgrimage to Lourdes, hoping its miracles might confirm his faith, but who returned disheartened and disbelieving, now visits Rome. He has found partial explanation of his life in altruism. While working among the abjectly poor and sinful of Paris, a vision of rejuvenated Christianity has inspired him to write *New Rome*. His book retraces the noble past of primitive Christianity ; then pictures the discordant present with eloquence born of life among men and women who suffer, sin, and die in despair because something is wrong with the world's social conditions. Finally it shows what the future may become by the regeneration of the Church ; its return to the true Catholic conception, "bringing health and peace, the forgotten golden age back to expiring society."

The Pope, resigning all temporal power, should rule in a greater, purely spiritual dominion. Surely Leo XIII. will sympathise with this presentment of what he must desire. Pierre is almost incredulous when he learns that *New Rome* is threatened with interdiction by the Index. To defend his views and to assert his loyalty to the Pope himself, he goes to Rome. He believes this the easy task of a few weeks ; but months wear on in baffling ambiguous interviews with cardinals and abbés. The Pope is intrenched behind a thick hedge of ecclesiastics, and a Jesuit spirit of intrigue and suspicion blocks all access to the Vatican. As Pierre lingers on, he grows faint-hearted and bewildered in the study of a Rome quite different from his expectation. He recognises everywhere the crying need for money, as necessary to the Pope as to the dirty beggars in the Roman slums. Long before his interview with Leo XIII. he has come to feel that the only course for the perishing Church is to maintain and extend its temporal power. He is ready to withdraw his book, not because so commanded, but because its ideas now seem impossible.

He has seen a great deal of Roman nature ; has met the churchly dignitaries of the Vatican and the more progressive adherents of the Quirinal. He has visited patriotic Prada, sitting patient and paralyzed in his dingy upper room, watching his hopes for a new and greater Rome crumble with the half-finished speculation buildings on the Castle Fields. He has been the guest of stern old Cardinal Boccanera, arrogant believer in the Church, who condemns literature as dangerous, all exercise of reason in matters of faith as sin ; who, as he cannot arbitrarily suppress evolutionary ideas, shuts himself away from them in his crumbling palace by the Tiber ; suffers to see his family becoming extinct in himself, but never questions the will of God. He is meant as a type of his Church, dying from need of the new elements she refuses. Pierre has known Monsignor Nana, crafty and charming, winning the confidence of even those who mistrust him. He has met beautiful Roman girls whose lives demonstrate old and new conditions, and has sympathised in their love affairs. Pretty aristocratic Celia will marry Attilio, representative of a new society, in defiance of family tradition ; and the union symbolises life and strength. Passionate Benedetta is a Boccanera, so fated to die because she clings too long to obsolete ideas. Ragged Pierina is unmodified nature, suffering and enjoying with simplest animal egoism.

Dominating the others, as the cathedral does the city, is the Pope, "the

* Rome. By Émile Zola. New York : The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $2.00.

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slender, weak old man, all soul, so purely white." We see him in his quiet garden, his face "like diaphanous old ivory," with "dark, glittering eyes," as he meditates world-wide designs. Or he is officiating at St. Peter's in regal white velvet with scarlet and ermine cape, a transfigured presence before which hysterical women faint. Again, he is the astute, unemotional old man, always on guard even in his own bedroom, where he reminds one of "a little aged white bird" as he sits in his snuff-stained white cassock and "sips his sugared water" before he goes to bed.

We are told a great deal about these people and others, but we should know them more sympathetically if they were not explained by such a careful catalogue of their physical features, ancestry, and education, and if, too, in the most pleasing description, emphasis upon some sordid detail, some physical blemish, did not stamp the author's mark.

By brilliant descriptions, by dramatic episodes, by vivid exposition, Zola tolls on his reader to the very end. But in spite of the interest felt in the Eternal City as seen in this comprehensive and Zola-like way, one more or less consciously protests at a certain crudity, a dearth of organism in this wealth of matter. The author has elsewhere given his *procédé*.

"In my investigations I have always pursued the same logical plan, the reading of technical books, visits to competent men, notes taken on the spots to be described."

His method is too much in evidence in this compilation.

As the endless chain of his views upon every subject in the cosmos swings around, we recognise familiar reasonings. There are the causes—climate, environment, degenerating influences; and the result—the emotional Italian of shrewd instincts, satisfied with pleasure, incapable of sympathy unless he himself is suffering. If a man is in his way, like Gallo he may send him poisoned figs. When angry, like Tito he may hide in the dark and stab his enemy. Even his architecture is characteristic of feeling rather than of spiritual strength. Visiting St. Peter's:

"Suddenly finding himself in this deserted opera house, all aglow with flaring gold and purple, Pierre could but remember the quivering gloom of the Gothic cathedrals of France, where dim crowds sob and supplicate amid a forest of pillars. In presence of all this ceremonial majesty—this huge empty pomp, which was all Body—he recalled with a pang the emaciated architecture and statuary of the Middle Ages, which were all Soul."

The power of heredity is invincible. Why are we told in Chapter II., and often reminded later, of Cassia Boccanera's ancient love story? Because in chapter thirteen her descendant, Benedetta, of the same nature and the same Beatrice Cenci-like beauty, will yield to a similar flood of passion and die with her lover Dario. So all the men and women are really mechanisms, and struggle vainly for free will.

Rome is tinged with symbolism. Its dead greatness, like miasma over the city, weighs down the new generation with the inertia of satisfied vanity; and they cannot realise that without fresh energy they are doomed.

A tedious mannerism is the labelling of each person with a recurrent descriptive phrase. Paparelli may be like an old maid; but the expression need not follow him so tenaciously. That pale decadent, Narcisse, may have mauve eyes; Benedetta, a childlike face and valuable pearls; Pierina may look as if gilded by the sun; we will accept such facts without repeated statement.

Rome may be recommended as the most interesting of guide-books. It tells what to see and how to get there. It gives a succession of views in colour and light, panoramas of Rome from its various high points—"sun-baked" under its intense sky, its historic ruins crowned by the blue dome of St. Peter's; and all in that strong massive style, the self-conscious attempt of the man who has envied Daudet his light touch, to make up in force and mass what he lacks in grace and subtle charm. There is immense self-assertion in the semi-authoritative tone.

What is the end of it all? Abbé Froment returns to Paris with no other solution of life than a vague dream of future human unity, of "mankind at last without frontiers, or possibility of wars, living by just labour amid a universal commonwealth." Meantime his faith is dead, though he still feels "the everlasting need of the divine which tortures human creatures."

To Zola an exhausted Catholicism is kept in lifelike motion by elaborate machinery, and faith is impossible after

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any honest and rational examination. So he would hasten a renascence, a return to nature interpreted by science, in which the manual for the *baccalaureat* examination shall materially aid. He would speak :

"The eternal protest of Nature and Life, Venus and Hercules, whom one may bury for centuries beneath the soil, but who nevertheless one day arise from it; and though one may seek to wall them up within the domineering, stubborn, immutable Vatican, reign yet even there, and rule the whole wide world with sovereign power."

Ernest Alfred Vizitelly has made an exact and careful translation, taking his author very seriously, supplying in an occasional foot-note such rare bits of information as Zola omits, and treating him to slight and justifiable modifications.

Indignant at the secret animosity which continually thwarts him, Pierre declares to Abbé Paparelli :

"I will defend my book by a fresh one. And that book I promise you will make some noise in the world, for it will sound the last agony of a dying religion, which one must make all haste to bury lest its ruins should poison the nations."

Is this a prophecy for *Paris?*

J. G. Cooke.

ADVENTURES IN CRITICISM.*

Mr. Quiller Couch has gathered into a volume of convenient size a selection of his critical papers contributed week by week to the *Speaker*.

The dates of publication are given, but the studies are arranged in chronological order of writers dealt with, and in the space of 400 pages or so we survey a fairly wide extent of English literature. Starting with Chaucer and Shakespeare, Defoe and Sterne, we soon pass on to contemporary writers, such as Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Anthony Hope, and the author of *Trilby*, and can admire Mr. Quiller-Couch's sympathy with and appreciation of varied types of prose and poetry. The adventures are mainly among poets and novelists, or subjects closely connected with the arts of poetry and fiction, such as "The Popular Conception of a Poet," "Selection," and "Externals," and "Q." comes well out of his various encounters. In the few words of introduction he apologises for the fragmentary character of the papers, and hopes that they "may be worth a second reading," and here and there perhaps "suggest the outline of a first principle." They are certainly very pleasant reading, and worth preserving, though they are not likely to have the permanence of his best work in fiction. There is, of course, considering the limits in which these studies first appeared, no attempt at any very exhaustive criticism of any of the writers dealt with, no diving into the depths, nor especially subtle or detailed treatment. They are rather literary talks, aiming at reviving or increasing interest in some favourite author, throwing out a suggestion for the settlement of some disputed point, or treating appreciatively a new book by some contemporary writer. We feel very soon on most friendly terms with our guide, and enjoy the frequent glimpses of his own personality, and his various likes and dislikes. Mr. Quiller-Couch has many valuable qualifications for the post of critic, notably his independent judgment, kindliness, fairness, and moderation. As an instance of this temperate fairness, and readiness to see and make allowance for another's point of view, we might refer to the article on the vexed question of "Bookstall Censorship." While protesting against the right of "Tom, Dick, Harry and Company (Limited) by the process of collaring a commercial monopoly from the railway companies to be exalted into the supreme arbiters of what men or women may or may not be allowed to read," he recognises that they may be "honestly concerned that the goods they purvey to the public shall be goods of which their consciences approve." "A great deal may be said against setting up a censorship of literature. A great deal may be said in favour of a censorship. But if a censorship there must be, the censor should be deliberately chosen for his office, and in exercising his power should be directly responsible to the public conscience . . . let the community choose a man whose qualifications have been weighed, a man on whose judgment it decides that it can rely." If a censor were to be appointed, one feels that Mr. Quiller-Couch himself would be eminently fitted for the position, and that he would exercise his power wisely and temperately.

* Adventures in Criticism. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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He has blame as well as praise to bestow, of course, but even where we differ from him, and admire what he dislikes, or consider his commendation excessive, he does not rouse that spirit of antagonism, of blind fury, that determination to cling to our own opinion, although we see it to be erroneous, which some critics manage to stir within us. He is always persuasive, courteous, judicious, without being indifferent or lacking in enthusiasm. Even the Scot, the Burns enthusiast, who reads that "Scots wha hae" is "inspired rant," and "A man's a man for a' that," "rather poor rant, neither inspired nor even quite genuine, and in no proper sense poetry at all," will be disposed to forgive Mr. Quiller-Couch, and to regard his want of taste as his misfortune and not his fault. It is scarcely necessary to say anything in praise of the style—of its clearness, straightforwardness, and charm—or to refer to the many pleasant touches of humour which enliven the book; for those who know and enjoy "Q.'s" previous work will know what to expect.

When, in obedience to the hint conveyed in the preface, we turn to the volume and search for some "outlines of first principles," though we may not find any of universal application, we come across some interesting statements of Mr. Quiller-Couch's own views and aims. He is a fervent lover of the open air and of a country life, and controverts the idea that town, or rather London life, is essential to acuteness of intellect and knowledge of human nature, "as if a man may not concern himself with the broader problems of life, and attack them with all the apparatus of recorded experience, unless he happen to live on one bank or other of the Fleet Ditch." "I do suggest that this open air quality" (of the English novel) "is a characteristic worth preserving, and that nothing is so likely to efface it as the talk of the workshops. It is worth preserving because it tends to keep us in sight of the elemental facts of human nature. After all, men and women depend for existence on the earth and on the sky that makes earth fertile, and man's last act will be, as it was his first, to till the soil. All empires, cities, tumults, civil and religious wars, are transitory in comparison. The slow toil of the farm-labourer, the endurance of the seaman, outlast them all." The whole paper on "Externals" is a very suggestive one. We pay too much attention to externals nowadays. "Human documents," local colour, open-air effects are all very well in their way, but they are not essentials, they do not help us much toward that knowledge and revelation of the human heart which is *the* essential to good fiction. "You will never surprise the secret of a soul by accumulating notes upon Externals."

There is an interesting appreciation of Stevenson, with its note of personal indebtedness to his influence. "So long as he lived, though it were far from Britain—though we had never spoken to him, and he, perhaps, had barely heard our names—we always wrote our best for Stevenson." The "Great Heart of the Public" will find some salutary home truths in the "Attitude of the Public toward Letters"—but we must not multiply instances, though the temptation to quote is great. Enough has been said to introduce readers to a very delightful book, which stands in need of no apology or introduction.

L. G.

A BIOGRAPHY OF SHERIDAN.*

It was Carlyle who declared that a well-written life was as rare as a well-spent life. Even after reading Mr. Rae's elaborate volumes one may doubt whether the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan was altogether well spent; but no one may dispute the fact that his life has been ill written more often than that of almost any of his contemporaries. In the eighty years that have passed since his death more than ten times has his life been attempted. An otherwise unknown Dr. Watkins, who was a political opponent of Sheridan's, rushed out a memoir shortly after the orator's death, an offensive and perfunctory specimen of hackwork, as any one can see who will examine the notes which Watkins collected, and which are now preserved in the Dyce-Forster library at South Kensington. Then, with the sanction and aid of the family, Moore wrote the book which has hitherto been our main source of information for the facts

* Sheridan: A Biography. By W. Fraser Rae. With an introduction by Sheridan's great-grandson, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. 2 vols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $7.00.

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of Sheridan's career. But Moore tired of his task, and did not take the trouble to be either as accurate or as ample as he could easily have been with the materials in his possession ; and he was further hampered by an unwillingness to record anything which might tell against his Whig friends. Besides, Moore was always a most candid friend ; and it has been noted that the reputation of Byron also sank after Moore had written his biography.

Then a certain Professor Smyth, otherwise as unknown as Dr. Watkins, privately printed his recollections of the author of *The School for Scandal ;* and his ungenerous essay was utilised by the writer of the brief biography prefixed to the Bohn edition of Sheridan's plays. Smyth's book called forth from Sheridan's granddaughter (then the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and afterward Lady Sterling-Maxwell) a scorching letter, which the curious can find in the old *Princeton Review*, in a paper of mine on "Sheridan and his Biographers," and which was given to me for publication by her brother, the late Richard Brinsley Sheridan, of Frampton Court.

Then came a well-nigh worthless volume on *Sheridan and his Times*, by an octogenarian whose name was Earle, so Mr. Rae informs us ; and this was followed by an absolutely worthless volume, the contribution of Mrs. Oliphant to the otherwise admirable English Men of Letters Series of Mr. John Morley. I should call Mrs. Oliphant's *Sheridan* positively the very poorest biography ever written by anybody in any language, if I did not know that her biography of Molière in Foreign Classics for English Readers was poorer still. Mrs. Norton had announced her intention of writing a book to be called *The Lives of the Sheridans*, but she never accomplished her purpose ; and after her death this title was used by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald for two volumes as ungrammatical and as slovenly as his earlier volumes on the elder Dumas, than which nothing could be more uncritical.

In a summary memoir of my own, prefixed to my edition of Sheridan's comedies, *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, and in the little volume contributed by Mr. Lloyd Sanders to the Great Writers Series, a more favourable view was taken of Sheridan's character and of his career. And now Mr. Fraser Rae, with all the assistance that Sheridan's descendants can give him, has prepared the present biography in the expectation that it will be accepted hereafter as the authoritative source of information, supplanting Moore's memoir. And certainly Mr. Rae has spared no pains to get at the exact facts of Sheridan's life, and to set them down fully and carefully.

He shows us that Halhed was the real author of the burlesque of *Jupiter*, part of which is now preserved in the British Museum, and that Sheridan did no more than revise his friend's work. He tells us also that Halhed was the sole author of the translation of Aristænetus, which has hitherto been supposed to be the work of the two friends conjointly. He straightens out the complicated story of Sheridan's duels with Captain Mathews, whist-player and blackguard. He sets forth distinctly the circumstances of Sheridan's courtship of Miss Linley, and of his marriage ; and he gives us many interesting letters of Mrs. Sheridan's to her husband. He makes clear to us just what relation it was that Sheridan sustained toward the Prince of Wales, proving Sheridan's Celtic loyalty to the person of his future sovereign, and proving also the selfishness and ingratitude of the future George the Fourth. He clears up all the needless mystery which hung over Sheridan's death-bed. He traces Sheridan's career as a politician, and has no difficulty in showing that Sheridan was not only an admirable debater but also a hard-working member of the House of Commons, having principles of his own which he refused to swerve from, and ready repeatedly to sacrifice party advantage to broad patriotism. He goes to the verbatim reports of Sheridan's great speeches, and is thus enabled to get at Sheridan's real words, free from the fustian with which they have hitherto been admixed.

The result of Mr. Rae's conscientious labours must be to raise Sheridan in the estimation of all unprejudiced readers, who are now for the first time enabled to see the man as he really was. And it is therefore to be regretted that Mr. Rae is now and again tempted to claim for the subject of his biography more than the facts always justify. Mr. Rae never attempts to conceal the things which tell against Sheridan, although—very properly—he does not dwell on

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them. But Mr. Rae is inclined sometimes to make a plea of confession and avoidance, as the lawyers term it. His tone is generally that of the advocate who holds a brief for the defence. His attitude is thus likely to arouse opposition. The fact is, that Sheridan was very human, having good and evil struggling within him always. He was kindly and he was generous; but he was so careless that one creditor had to wait for money, while another was paid twice. He had a very high standard of honour, public and private; but he was a man of the eighteenth century, after all, with the failings of the men of those days; he allowed himself to be overtaken with wine, and he visited Crewe Hall with his wife, although Mrs. Crewe had been his mistress, and although his wife knew this, and although Mrs. Crewe knew that Mrs. Sheridan knew it. He was capable of intensely hard work if occasion called for it; but ordinarily he was indolent and procrastinating. The core of his character was sound and wholesome; his intentions were nearly always excellent, and so were his actions often, but not always. If only he had had the good fortune to be trained in his youth to self-control, his career might have been very different. As it was, there was a weakness which his associates felt instinctively, and which prevented his attaining the political position his powers and his services entitled him to expect. And there must have been some cause other than those which can be summed up in the empty term of "bad luck" to account for the shabby treatment he has received from seven biographers out of ten.

The fame of the politician and of the public speaker fades swiftly as the questions of the day are answered one by one; but the fame of the man of letters endures as long as his works are read. Sheridan's comedies continue to appear in new editions year after year, and they continue to be acted night after night. *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* have held their own on the stage for now nearly a century and a quarter, although no play by any of Sheridan's contemporaries is now seen on our stage saving only *She Stoops to Conquer*, by another Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith. Without saying it in so many words, Mr. Rae seems to suggest that Sheridan is the greatest of English comic dramatists since Shakespeare. If the proof of a play is in the performance, Mr. Rae might have made this assertion boldly, for his plays withstand this test more successfully than those of any other English dramatist with the sole exception of Shakespeare.

Brander Matthews.

TWO NEW STORIES BY MISS POOL.*

"Given honour, truth, a strong will, a passionate nature, against a forbidden love, what will be the answer to that problem?" Miss Pool herself puts this question into the mouth of her heroine's husband; and yet, in the case of Judith Gerald, the answer is never for one moment left in doubt—for the interest of this story does not centre in the conflict betwixt loyalty and license, but rather in the experiences of a woman to whom disloyalty is impossible.

To those who have read *The Two Salomes*, *Mrs. Gerald* offers a striking contrast of psychological analysis. The girl Salome, it will be remembered, when removed from her accustomed environment, discovered that her uprightness was but a mantle wrapped about her soul by circumstance. The uprightness of Judith, on the contrary, is the very tissue of the soul itself, forbidding the slightest deviation from relentless truth even by so much as the plausible manipulation of a questioner's meaning. "You are the first woman I ever knew who even knew what honour meant—just as a man is sometimes able to know it, I mean. Women have a kind of honesty often, but of honour they know pitiably little." Thus speaks Judith's husband, thereby throwing down the gauntlet for whosoever will pick it up.

In all works of fiction the secret of vitality and strength lies in a truthful delineation of human emotion. With *Mrs. Gerald* this is eminently the case; and if the wholesome relaxation from intensity of feeling which, for most natures, makes pain endurable, seems to be given too little place, it is rather due to the character about whom interest centres than to the author's inability to take a comprehensive view of life.

* Mrs. Gerald. By Maria Louise Pool. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.
In a Dyke Shanty. By Maria Louise Pool. New York: Stone & Kimball. $1.50.

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Judith Gerald, with her peculiar charm and intense nature, might, indeed, seem a somewhat improbable person, did not the author make the charm felt as a reality and the intensity seem a genuine strain of nature.

In his portrayal of emotion the writer may prefer, as do our modern realists, to let us imagine, from surface appearances, the life that lies beneath, or he may invite us to stand at one side and look on like spectators at a show. There are other writers, however, who endow us with the magic of their own insight, and carry us with them into the most secret chambers of the human heart. Miss Pool is one of these, and through the whole length of *Mrs. Gerald* we are held by an almost poignant sympathy to the men and women who figure in its pages. The study of character in *Mrs. Gerald* does not so much concern itself with development through circumstance as with characters already moulded and held in the clutch of such crucial experiences as most vividly reveal their peculiar strength and weakness. For her characters do not strut self-consciously across the pages to an accompaniment of brilliant epigrams and wise comments, but live out their destinies according to their natures, just as men and women in real life must do.

The plot of *Mrs. Gerald*, though not new in its bare outline, is developed with a power and originality of conception which give place to many striking situations. There are few scenes in any novel which, for dramatic power and uncanny pathos, surpass the striking picture of Judith following her demented husband over the moonlit African desert, that he may keep his mysterious appointment at Biskra. The position of Judith, as between her husband and the man she loves, is unique, and is traced with unwavering strength and precision even to its bitter end.

It is unfortunate that so strong a story as this should be marred in its artistic effect by the use of detached phrases for chapter headings. Further editions could well be spared such disfigurement, should the book attain the success we predict for it. For *Mrs. Gerald*, by virtue of its dramatic power and its masterly portrayal of human passion, easily takes precedence of Miss Pool's former work.

From *Mrs. Gerald* to *In a Dike Shanty* is a far cry. This slight story appeared before its more ambitious sister, as though to show how playful and restful, how appreciative of the ordinary humdrum course of events its author could be. So natural and lifelike are the sayings and doings recorded in this little volume that one might almost believe it was really written, from time to time, during the author's stay in her dike shanty, and that she was very wise to carry a note-book in her pocket, that she might jot down therein the charmingly quaint things her neighbours did and said. Knowing, however, that verisimilitude may not be attained in this way, all credit must be given to the finished art manifested by the author, and through faith in her insight we are convinced that it is far more delightful to read of Miss Pool's residence in a dike shanty than it could possibly be to reside in one ourselves. To us the neighbours might prove wearisome or even vulgar, and the dike itself a monotonous stretch of flat land.

In the pages of this book, however, the country folk of "Ma'shfield" are refreshingly quaint and their lives are full of interest—since high qualities as well as strange follies do often masquerade under the garb of awkward rusticity. And the dike (Miss Pool's dike, that is) has about it something strangely winning and restful. One should not miss viewing it through the author's eyes, and thus taking a lesson in seeing which might be applied to other localities. More than this, one should not miss calling at Mar Baker's house, and stowing hay with "Mar Baker's idjit." We have a suspicion there are other women like that in other places, whom we consider quite ordinary and upon whom we should not think of calling. Then there is Virginia Vance. She is "kinder Southern by birth, but there's a good deal of Yankee to her." Readers of Miss Pool's former work know well how she delights in bringing the New England character into contrast with the Southern; but this combination of the two types is most charming. So much so, indeed, that it is no wonder Virginia had, in the matter of lovers, an embarrassment of riches. By an unfortunate (or is it fortunate?) use of the little pronoun *him* the reader may fix upon a "happy ending" to these love affairs or otherwise entirely according to his taste in such matters. Let the reader of the

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last page decide for himself whether Virginia's heart belonged to the man she is about to marry or to her "Ma'shfield" lover.

One could wish that the final tragedy had been omitted. The instinct of the writer does not allow her to bring out the full horror and solemnity of it—for the voice of the book, though it has notes of pathos and many tender vibrations, is light in quality and unfitted for deep, stirring notes. If Miss Pool's former work has at times strained emotionalism even to the point of weariness there is no such tendency manifest in this story. Though so lightly sketched, the dike shanty and the "Ma'shfield" folk seem, after closing the volume, more real and abiding than do many places and characters described with a more elaborate pen.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

TWO STUDIES IN COLONIAL HISTORY.*

Martha Bockée Flint's *Early Long Island* is a local history of the conventional type. It has much to say of discoverers and explorers, of the conflicting boundary claims of the Dutch and English, of the political relations of the Long Island settlements to one another, to Connecticut and New York, to England and the Netherlands. One third of the text is taken up with an account of the attitude of the Loyalists during the Revolution and of their dispersion at the close of the war. In other words, this is primarily a political history. It has little to say of domestic economy, of social institutions, and of industrial conditions. Now, it is extremely difficult to invest local history so constructed with any general philosophical interest. The absence of great personalities and profound public policies places the local historian under a disadvantage which can be overcome only by subordinating the political to the economic and social elements. The historical importance of Long Island, in particular, is social and economic rather than political. Here Dutch and English communal institutions can be studied in their original purity, and the processes noted by which they were ultimately amalgamated. Some study of local institutions has indeed been attempted in the present instance; but the result is meagre, and one reaches the end of the volume without any distinct impression of the social, economic, and intellectual life of the communities about which he has been reading. Exception must also be taken to the extremely unfavourable judgment pronounced on the measures taken by the Patriot party against the Loyalists. It may be admitted that the political agitation which led to the Revolution was begun without any desire for independence. But it is strong language to say that the Declaration of Independence was a "breach of faith to the great mass of the people as well as to the statesmen who had in Parliament zealously championed the American cause." The political agitation, to the extent to which it was carried on in common by the Americans and the English New Whigs, had for its object to secure an equitable representation in Parliament. When the desired reform was refused by both Crown and Parliament, revolution was the logical outcome of the struggle, so far as the Americans were concerned; and if ever a revolutionary body possessed a popular representative character it was the Congress which adopted the Declaration of Independence. Furthermore, the vote on the declaration was postponed several weeks in order that the sentiment of those colonies might be obtained which had not already been heard from. The refusal of a majority of the population of Long Island to accept independence constituted a serious menace to the popular cause, and the raiding of the fair plantations of the island was justified on precisely the same ground on which the Shenandoah Valley was devastated at a later day, namely, military necessity. The proscription of the Loyalists at the close of the Revolution stands in unfavourable contrast with the magnanimity shown by the North at the close of the Civil War. But the circumstances were different. The Loyalists were a numerous and influential party. There was no assurance that, like the slaveholders of the South at a later period, they would accept the arbitrament of the sword as

* Early Long Island: A Colonial Study. By Martha Bockée Flint. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Making of Pennsylvania: An Analysis of the Elements of the Population and the Formative Influences that Created one of the Greatest of the American States. By Sidney George Fisher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50.

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final; and the danger from the presence of a large body of disaffected voters within their territories was very real to the weak democracies that had but just begun their career of independence. It is the privilege of history to do justice to a lost cause, but to do justice to the Loyalists the historian need cast no odium on the patriots. Apart from its meagre treatment of social and economic questions, and apart from its partisan defence of the Loyalists, this history of Long Island is a work of considerable merit. It is unimpeachable from a political and literary point of view, is full of interesting citations from unpublished town records and from Loyalist documents of the Revolutionary era, and contains a well-selected bibliography.

Mr. Fisher's *Making of Pennsylvania* is an analysis of the population and the formative influences that created the Keystone State. The New England and the Southern colonies were, on the whole, founded by people of pure Anglo-Saxon stock. The populations of the middle colonies were of a thoroughly mixed origin. Perhaps no colony had so great a mixture of languages, nationalities, and religions as Pennsylvania. Dutch, Swedes, English, Germans, Scotch-Irish, Welsh, Quakers, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Reformed, Mennonites, Tunkers, Moravians—sectaries of all nations were to be found within its borders. No accurate estimate of the numerical relations which these several elements held toward one another is possible. Franklin maintained that the Quakers and the Germans constituted each one third of the population. The action and reaction of so many diverse nationalities and religions on each other was conducive to a spirit of toleration—a spirit further encouraged by the freedom from dogma common to both the Quakers and the German sects. The spirit of religious toleration in turn fostered the study of science and gave an impetus to the development of the mechanic arts. It would be unprofitable to follow Mr. Fisher through his rather prolix exposition of the religious opinions of the different sects. But his observations on the effect of free thought on legislation and on the arts and sciences are worth repeating. Religious liberty was the law of the land. Treason and murder were the only crimes punished with death. Prison reform, hospitals, and charitable institutions of all kinds flourished in Pennsylvania long before they were introduced into the other colonies. Philadelphia had the first American medical school and the first philosophical society, while the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia is the oldest and most complete institution of its kind in America. The first great American scientist was Benjamin Franklin. David Rittenhouse gained a world-wide reputation by his observation of the transit of Venus. John Bartram was the first botanist to describe the plants of the New World. Alexander Wilson was the first American ornithologist. Thomas Godfrey made a permanent improvement in the quadrant. Dr. Thomas Cadwallader wrote the first American book on a medical subject, while Dr. Rush is commonly regarded as the father of American medicine. The cultivation of science gave an impetus to the mechanic arts. In spite of royal prohibitions, Pennsylvania erected manufactories in which she made hats, carpets, glassware, and linen goods. She also built ships and produced great quantities of pig iron. She was thus prepared when the Revolution broke out to enter at once upon a splendid industrial career which has made her one of the most prosperous States of the Union.

M. A. Mikkelsen.

WEIR OF HERMISTON.*

"Mind you, I expect *The Justice Clerk* [that was the earlier name] to be my masterpiece," wrote Stevenson from Vailima. He left it a fragment, but he had already made it a masterpiece. There is no need to talk in any conditional tense, and say that had he lived to finish this story it must have been a great one. We have all its essentials in the portion bequeathed to us as the last message of his power; and that portion reflects Stevenson at his very highest, a Stevenson we had not heard from, save in hasty glimpses, since *Kidnapped*, and only beheld in a glass of promise before then. In a shivering world we like pleasantness, and it is quite certain that

* Weir of Hermiston. An Unfinished Romance. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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the gaiety alternating with the not intolerable melancholy in the comradeship of Alan and David will always win readier favour than *Weir of Hermiston*, whose tragedy is of a kind that does not even bring the relief of a melting mood. But in the stricter courts, where imagination and mental force are the tests, this fragment will at least hold its own, backed though *Kidnapped* is by its own exquisite grace, and our very hearty affection. Till young Archie Weir leaves Edinburgh for the seclusion of Hermiston—and the excellence does not stop there by any means—the story is a faultless reading of human nature, and, unless we carp at very little things, faultless in its workmanship. If one were to ask for the other chapters of English fiction, produced in the last twenty years, that could mate these, how many could bide the test? Hermiston is a great character, greatly painted. He dominates you as he did his feeble, helpless wife, his sensitive, revolting son, his much tried brother judges, his writhing victims in the dock. All disapprove, many hate; but they instinctively stand aside, their own powers withering up before his. It is a character that even with an able novelist might have ended in an honourable failure. But there is no weak stroke in Stevenson's portrait. And there is no over-elaboration. Subtler methods he may have used in the presentation of some other personages, but nowhere else have his strokes been so forcible and so certain. See my lord with Archie—

"Sympathy is not due to these steadfast iron natures. If he failed to gain his son's friendship, or even his son's toleration, on he went up the great, bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed. . . . The lamp shone for many hundred days upon these two at table—my lord, ruddy, gloomy, and unreverent; Archie with a potential brightness that was always dimmed and veiled in that society, and there were not, perhaps, in Christendom two men more radically strangers. The father, with a grand simplicity, either spoke of what interested himself, or maintained an unaffected silence. The son turned in his head for some topic that should be quite safe, that would spare him fresh evidence either of my lord's inherent grossness or of the innocence of his inhumanity; treading gingerly the ways of intercourse, like a lady gathering up her skirts in a by-path. If he made a mistake, and my lord began to abound in matter of offence, Archie drew himself up, his brow grew dark, his share of the talk expired; but my lord would faithfully and cheerfully continue to pour out the worst of himself before his silent and offended son.

"'Well, it's a poor heart that never rejoices!' he would say, at the conclusion of such a nightmare interview. 'But I must get to my plewstilts.' And he would seclude himself as usual in the back room, and Archie go forth into the night and the city quivering with animosity and scorn."

Here he is on the bench—

"Honest all through, he did not affect the virtue of impartiality; this was no case for refinement; there was a man to be hanged, he would have said, and he was hanging him. Nor was it possible to see his lordship and acquit him of gusto in the task. It was ploin he gloried in the exercise of his trained faculties, in the clear sight which pierced at once into the joint of fact, in the rude, unvarnished gibes with which he demolished every figment of defence. He took his ease and jested, unbending in that solemn place with some of the freedom of the tavern; and the rag of man with the flannel round his neck was hunted gallowsward with jeers."

There is another masterpiece of portraiture in the book, and that a woman. But it is not either of the two Kirsties—only the poor feckless religious enthusiast that the terrible Hermiston had taken to wife. The only worldliness she ever shows is in her evasive defence of her lord to their child, who asked uncomfortable questions when the rabble denounced the judge. "Keep me, my precious!" she exclaimed.

"Keep me, my dear! this is poleetical, ye must never ask me anything poleetical. Your father is a great man, my dear, and it's no for you or me to be judging him!" . . . "Mrs. Weir's philosophy of life was summed in one expression—tenderness. In her view of the universe, which was all lighted up with a glow out of the doors of hell, good people must walk there in a kind of ecstasy of tenderness. The beasts and plants had no souls; they were here but for a day, and let that day pass gently! And as for the immortal men, on what black, downward path were many of them wending, and to what a horror of an immortality!"

"She was a dwaibly body from the first," said Hermiston when he heard of her death. "Puir bitch," said he, "puir bitch!" when he looked on her dead. Stevenson has at last made a real living woman, and this is she. There are champions, I know, of Barbara Grant and of Catriona; there will be perhaps many to admire the old Kirsty and the young. But I think his one success with womankind is the "tender, tearful, incompetent" wife of the Hanging Judge. There is a notable description of a girl tossing about in the first stage of the malady of love; but I do not think the love story here, as a whole, gives Stevenson a claim to be ranked with those who can create

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one with particular force and distinction. The austere young man entering, by love, the dark valley which you feel will close about him soon, holds your thoughts, but not the girl; the background of grey hills, huddling "one behind another like a herd of cattle into the sunset," are more real than the beauties and coquetries of the maiden. The fact is, the maiden, for all he tries to deck her prettily, is only an instrument of fate in Stevenson's hands. His heart is with her lover, faring to his destiny in that field of the hills.

Mr. Colvin in a full editorial note gives what is known of Stevenson's intentions about the end of the story. That he would have got over the difficulty which stood in the way of the Hanging Judge passing, or at least consenting to, the sentence of death on his only son for the murder of his sweetheart's seducer, is certain. I think that and the death of Hermiston are the only facts I want to know. Many plans must run through a story-teller's mind before he resolves on the inevitable end, which indeed he may struggle against. The rescue of Archie by the four Elliotts would have been a great incident; baldly suggested, his escape to America with the girl who had allowed herself to be seduced in revenge for wounded vanity, suggests nothing pleasing and nothing inevitable. But I am convinced, from the masterly air about the whole progress of the story as we know it, that Stevenson would not have failed. The curtain must fall for us now at the death of the Stoic father, that monster of brute force and paragon of justice. If there is evidence that the author played with the idea of a comfortable ending, he did not finish the story; and why should we, in a manner that seems to be at variance with the purpose and the temper of the previous events and circumstances? But this whole matter, and other things of interest too, are carefully discussed in Mr. Colvin's note.

Stevenson has laid the scene of the story at the beginning of the present century, his editor rightly pointing out that some of the incidents have even an earlier look. He has been less careful here than usual in keeping to the accent of speech in vogue at the period; but only in one case does he strike a discordant note. Said Glenalmond to Archie, concerning some expressions the boy had used toward his father, "They are merely literary and decorative." Young Mr. Stevenson might have had these words addressed to him, say by Professor Fleeming Jenkin, but not young Weir by an Edinburgh lawyer of well-nigh a century ago. The minutest searching, however, would hardly find another such slip in a book which is a marvel for the sustained dignity, the succinct force, and the austere beauty of its style.

> "here afar,
> Intent on my own race and place, I wrote,"

he says, in the dedication to his wife. And Scotland is actually in this book. A Scottish critic may be at least of some use by assuring Southerners of that. Many things labelled Scottish are passed off on them to-day in which there is nothing more broadly or deeply national than some screeds of uncouth dialect. But all Lowland Scotland is suggested in the four Elliott brothers, the respectable laird, the religious enthusiast, the shrewd worldling, and the little reputable poet, with a reckless Border raider underneath each one of them. The combination of intellectual austerity and force with barbaric manners and morals in the Justice Clerk is essentially Scottish, one may as well confess. The cold "huddle of grey hills" rises up before you as you read this grim story of the strife of irreconcilable mortals. The cold sky is over your head, the moorland winds whistle in your ears, and the cruel sleet stings your cheek. Not a very amiable land, nor an altogether agreeable people, but with such a proven power of drawing exiles' hearts that their best painters have not deigned to soften a trait or explain an asperity.

Annie Macdonell.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS HUTCHINSON.*

Thirty odd years ago we of the North sadly and sometimes bitterly doubted if we could ever be reconciled to the "Southern traitors," as we called them. To-day we think of them respectfully as "the late Confederates," and kindly as our fellow-citizens.

* The Life of Thomas Hutchinson, Royal Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay. By James Hosmer. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.00.

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It is more than one hundred years since the Tories of the Revolution were exiled ; they were as truly men of our own race and blood as the Southerners ; our recollection of them is far less lively, yet we have not forgiven them. To the average American the name of "Tory" is still hateful. The reason is evident. We never gave ourselves the chance to become reconciled to the Tories ; we banished them. Mr. Hosmer tells us that, "The number of those who took the Tory side in the Revolution and were driven into exile, it has been claimed was relatively to the full as large as the number of Huguenots expatriated from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes." Their banishment was a hard necessity. In the Revolution the weakest side was winner after a desperate struggle the issue of which always hung in the balance, and the hardly gained victory left the country in a disorganised and far from safe condition. The Tories were not sectional, but internal enemies in full sympathy with the mighty Britain, which even in defeat was still formidable ; and the feeling of the people toward them was like that which a swimmer who has barely reached the shore alive might have toward those who had been trying to push him under.

The note of detestation of the Tory runs through all our Revolutionary literature ; and even at this late date it requires not a little courage to write as Mr. Hosmer has done, the candid biography of one who was perhaps the most prominent of the Tories, yet a good man and an able statesman ; a representative man too, for Mr. Hosmer is doubtless right when he says of the Tories as a class : "There were no better men in the country for intelligence and general worth, none who, up to the time of their mistaken and unfortunate choice of sides in the last crisis, had served their country better." It ought to be needless to say that Mr. Hosmer presents no partisan plea. He holds no brief for the Tories, but writes of them in the true historical spirit ; and the men of the town meetings—Otis, fiery and erratic ; Samuel Adams, keen and subtle ; and his greater son John, far seeing and heroic, as well as Hutchinson and Bernard—live in these calm yet vividly written pages. Such a work as this is in the interest of true understanding of the facts of our national birth struggle, of just appreciation of the questions at issue in it, and real knowledge of its critical intensity. It is well for us to know that our forefathers had to contend, not with the base and ignoble, but with men as conscientious and as able—if not as far seeing—as themselves.

This biography also touches questions which just now are very much alive. There was, for instance, a silver problem in Massachusetts, in the settlement of which Hutchinson played a conspicuous and most honourably able part ; and possibly some readers may forget that Mr. Hosmer wrote before certain developments of the impending presidential campaign when he says : "High tariffs cannot exist without outrages upon freedom. The measures taken for tariff enforcement in the days of Grenville or Bernard were perhaps no more objectionable than those employed in the days of McKinley."

Thomas Hutchinson was a descendant of the famous Anne Hutchinson—"my saintly great-grandmother" he calls her—who was banished from Massachusetts because of her disturbing religious views and her fanatical propagation of them. Her fate seems like a prophecy of that of her distinguished great-grandson. Both suffered exile for mistaken opinions conscientiously held. Yet there is no taint of fanaticism in the man ; he was by nature conservative and aristocratic. Both his grandfather and his father had held high positions in the colony, and "when Thomas Hutchinson stepped into the leadership, he seemed simply to have come into his own." At the age of twenty-six he took his seat in the Assembly and began a career of rapidly increasing usefulness and prominence. His first important service, and that which won him permanent reputation, was the reform of the currency. Against great opposition from "the debtor class" and those in public life who feared or sympathised with it, he carried through the scheme by which the colony, placed upon a sound financial basis, entered upon a time of great prosperity. Thirty years after his death, John Adams, his dearest political foe, said of him : "If I was the Witch of Endor, I would wake the ghost of Hutchinson and give him absolute power over the currency of the United States."

From the Assembly, Hutchinson rose to a place in the Council, then to the

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Lieutenant-Governorship, and soon afterward he was made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. His appointment as Royal Governor came later.

It is in the place of Chief Justice that he begins to come into conflict with the patriot leaders, first with Otis and then with the Adamses. The crisis of the drama was preparing, and Hutchinson's position compelled him unwillingly to play a leading part.

It is evident that, while the men of that day at first repudiated the idea of separation from Great Britain, the thought of independence was in all minds. Even Hutchinson could say: "It is not likely that the American colonies will remain part of the dominion of Great Britain another century." Yet the quarrel grew, not out of desire for separation, but out of deep differences as to the relation between the colonial and the home governments. Hutchinson disapproved strongly of the Stamp Act and of the duty on tea; but his disapproval was that of policy, not of principle. Parliament, he thought, was acting very unwisely; but their supremacy was not to be questioned, and as a public official he felt himself in duty bound to carry out laws made by what he considered rightful power. In that one word "supremacy" lay the core of the difference. The colonists, especially those of New England, had really, though not avowedly, always held themselves in a semi-independent position. They felt that the land won so hardly from unkindly native and savage foes was their own. When, in 1760, Bernard became Governor, he referred in his address to the benefits derived by the colonists from their *subjection* to Great Britain. The Council, in their reply, were careful to substitute *relation* for *subjection*. On the difference between those two words the whole controversy really hinged. Men like Hutchinson, of aristocratic leanings and legal minds, who believed that "mankind are to be governed by the discerning few," who distrusted democracy, feared violent changes, and reverenced what they considered the established order of things, were naturally prerogative men and Tories. They are to be blamed rather for the limitation of their views, for their lack of faith and of imagination than for their failure in patriotism. No man loved his country more sincerely than Thomas Hutchinson. Perhaps the finest thing about this really fine piece of biographical work is the dramatic contrast which it suggests rather than describes between Hutchinson, the prosperous, the honoured, the devoted servant of his native State, and Hutchinson the exile, the involuntary and unintending exile and martyr to an opinion, pining for his native New England, dying, it would seem, from very homesickness in the land for the sake of whose prerogative he had sacrificed his all.

I. S. D.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY.*

Renan has said, "In another century, mankind will pretty well know everything that can be known about its past." One is impressed that this statement may possibly prove to be true when it is remembered that the much criticised term "sociology" was first used by Comte in 1830, and that since that date sociology has taken its place among the sciences, and that during the last twenty-five years all the substantial contributions to its principles and theories have been made.

Professor Giddings has adopted as the title of his book—the latest contribution to the subject—the title adopted by Herbert Spencer for his well-known work written in the decade between 1876 and 1886. To the main title he has added the sub-title, "An Analysis of the Phenomena of Association and of Social Organisation," and the title and sub-title with remarkable accuracy describe the purpose and contents of the book. He defines sociology as "An attempt to account for the origin, growth, structure, and activities of society by the operation of physical, vital, and psychical causes working together in a process of evolution." Further defining it, the author says, "It is a science that tries to conceive of society in its unity, and attempts to explain it in terms of cosmic cause and law."

The book is especially valuable because of the clearness and fulness with which it discusses the psychical elements in social evolution. The tendency to

* The Principles of Sociology. By Franklin Henry Giddings, M.A., Professor of Sociology in Columbia University of the City of New York. Columbia University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00 net.

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employ biologic terms to describe society and its developments has manifested itself in most of the works upon the subject, undoubtedly owing to the powerful influence arising from Mr. Spencer's use of such terms. Professor Giddings has discarded the use of such terms, and we look in vain for chapters entited "Society is an Organism," "Social Structures," "Systems of Organs," "The Sustaining System"—titles familiar to the readers of Mr. Spencer's *Principles of Sociology*.

The purpose of the book before us is not to explain the evolution of society in terms of biology, but to explain it in terms of volition as exactly and fully as the evolution of society has been treated and stated in terms of physical law; so that the subjective (psychical) interpretation may be combined with the objective (vital and physical interpretation).

All who were acquainted with the previous writings of Professor Giddings, especially with his *Theory of Sociology*, published as a supplement to the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Sciences*, anticipated in the present work, then announced to be well advanced toward completion, a valuable contribution to sociology. That expectation has been realised. Comparing Professor Giddings' view as expressed in the earlier work with those on the subject of the *Theory of Sociology* in the completed work, greater elaboration of theory and fulness of explanation are very apparent. Particularly is this true of his discussion of the psychic datum or principle upon which, in his opinion, is based the evolution of society. Here we have a distinct and individual contribution to the science of sociology, and although previously suggested in Professor Giddings' earlier writings, it is now for the first time fully stated and developed.

He finds this original elementary subjective fact to be "consciousness of kind," and this formula he amplifies by saying, "By this term I mean a st.te of consciousness in which any being, whether low or high in the scale of life, recognises another conscious being as of like kind with itself." He describes the operation of this elementary subjective principle as follows: "In its widest extension the consciousness of kind marks off the animate from the inanimate. Within the wide class of the animate it next marks off species and races. Within racial lines the consciousness of kind underlies the more definite ethical and political groupings; it is the basis of class distinctions, of innumerable forms of alliance, of rules of intercourse, and of peculiarities of policy. Our conduct toward those whom we feel to be most like ourselves is instinctively and rationally different from our conduct toward others whom we believe to be less like ourselves."

"In a word, it is about the consciousness of kind, as a determining principle, that all other motives organise themselves in the evolution of social choice, social volition, or social policy. Therefore, to trace the operation of the consciousness of kind through all its social manifestations is to work out a complete subjective interpretation of society."

By thus emphasising the psychical processes in social evolution, it is not intended by the author to lose sight of the physical processes. The relation of the two he carefully states thus: "The cycle of social causation begins and ends in the physical process. Between beginning and completion is the volitional process of artificial selection, or conscious choosing as determined by the 'consciousness of kind.'"

The author, in detail, traces the operation of "the consciousness of kind" in shaping society. When aggregation and association result in a change of the character and activity of a population, society passes from a condition of mere aggregation and association to a state in which tradition, the family, clan and tribe appear and are followed by the folk and the nation, and with the nation arises the development of the social constitution, the extension of the division of labour, the rapid multiplication of the population, and the democratic evolution of the social constitution. When this stage is reached, we have a modern complex society.

Having fully discussed in a series of lucid chapters the Sociological Idea, the Province of Sociology, the Methods of Sociology, and the Problems of Sociology, the author takes up the elements and structure of society, and discusses the same under the titles, "The Social Population," "The Social Mind," "The Social Composition," and "The Social Constitution." He then traces the his-

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torical evolution of society in chapters entitled "Zoögenic Association," "Anthropegenic Association," "Ethnogenic Association," and "Demogenic Association," and finally discusses the law and causes of the social process under the divisions of "The Social Process: Physical," "The Social Process: Psychical," and the interaction of the physical and psychical processes under the title of "Social Law and Cause," and ends with a brief chapter on "The Nature and End of Society." In these chapters the author covers the whole ground of sociology. He traces the operation of the psychical and physical elements in society with great fulness, with great carefulness, and in a thoroughly scientific method.

Professor Giddings, in his last chapter, entitled "The Nature and End of Society," says, "A society is an *organisation* partly a product of unconscious evolution, partly a result of conscious planning. An organisation is a complex of psychical relations." Upon reading this paragraph one is reminded of Taine's conclusion, after he had carefully considered the social phenomena of a single nation during a comparatively short period, stated in the preface to the second volume of his *French Revolution*, where he says, "Human society, especially a modern society, is a vast and complicated thing, hence the difficulty in knowing and comprehending it."

The complexity of modern society is the fact that is impressed upon one by the present work. The recognition of the predominance of the psychical element in social prenomena opens vast possibilities of future evolution, and will compel a reaction from Mr. Spencer's view as to the function of the scientifically trained statesman in modern society. Mr. Spencer teaches that the statesman's art has no valuable function; that it cannot make society better, but may make it worse. When the psychical element is given its due place as a factor in social evolution, modern thought will come nearer the idea of Comte, who held that the scientifically trained statesman could practically reorganise society.

The volition of man has greatly modified the flora and fauna of the earth where his intelligence has affected them through the operation of artificial selection. His volition, as determined, in large part, by consciousness of kind, has evolved the institutions of society.

A science so young as sociology and so largely dependent on the progress of other sciences for its data must necessarily, with the advancement of the other sciences, itself advance and modify many of the principles now seemingly fully established. We are inclined to think that as biologic terminology, as applied to sociologic processes, has become discredited and greatly limited, so is it probable that as the psychical processes are more thoroughly studied and more fully understood, they will largely cease to be stated in terms of physics; and that as the rational man is distinguished from the animal man, as modern and contemporary history is distinguished from primitive and ancient history, the part played by volition will be enlarged and a greater place be given its action, and it will be found to be less conditioned by environment than is now thought, and will be found to be dependent upon mental processes which are mainly determined by themselves. Particularly will this be found true where the ideals sought to be realised by volition are highly ethical and do not practically, as distinguished from other ideals, affect the matter of the survival of the sociological group, or where they depend practically for survival upon the stage of ethical development reached by the group in which the ideals arise. As ethical development advances, it becomes more probable that sociological groups based upon volition directed toward high ethical ideals will survive, notwithstanding in the past they have shown but little power to survive. As ethical civilisation advances, dormant principles may and probably will become dominant principles.

Professor Giddings has done good service by his clear exposition of the present stage of sociology, and he has made a distinct and valuable contribution to the subject. The book is also timely, and will doubtless have wide reading and command the attention of all students of the subject, not only because of Professor Giddings' acknowledged standing as a sociologist, but because of its intrinsic value. The style is particularly lucid and the tone of the book is judicial throughout, and fairly represents the views and the-

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ories that the author disagrees with or limits. The final word cannot now be uttered either as to the data, the elements, or the principles of sociology, and an entirely just criticism of Professor Giddings' book can be made that it has too much the tone of finality ; a fault, however, which it shares with all other works yet written upon this subject.

The illustrations are largely drawn from society in its latest developments in this country and Europe, which adds greatly to the value of the book to those who desire to find illustration of the theories as applicable to modern society. There is appended to the book a very complete index, which by its fulness adds greatly to its value.

Edward M. Colie.

LANCASHIRE IDYLLS.*

From the literary mass of the moment *Lancashire Idylls* stands apart. The character studies composing the book are fascinating in a grim, gray way, like the environment. The feeling of the moorland—its bleakness and its remoteness—is in the work. There is the smell of the heather also, and the sighing of the wind over the tawny wastes of the moor. The sketches are mostly monotones, low, slow, and peacefully melancholy, with a rare touch now and then of quaint humour that is distinctly of the soil. The stern Puritanism of the hill sects furnishes the central motive of the studies, as it is the pivotal power in the lives of the types portrayed.

Hard, poor, and cold as these lives seem at first, the author makes us feel their rugged nobility. There is something almost heroic in the firmness with which the old sexton, a moorland Machpelah, holds to his rule that no burial shall take place after a certain hour, even though his own dead must lie unburied. There is the same dumb tug at the heart in Moses Fletcher's risking his life for the neighbour from whom he had just wrung the uttermost farthing. Surely work like this is good, were it less well done, if only for the reason that it broadens charity by emphasising anew how many the sorts and conditions of men are, and how unjustly we may judge each other.

Up to that time Moses had seemed the merciless impersonation of greed and of harshness toward all human frailty. It was he above all others whom the erring girl feared to face—in the next story—as she returned to her home through spiritual and physical tempest and darkness. Coming at last in sight of the light shining from the window of her own room far across the dark moors, she knew what it was. The wretched as well as the happy recognise the beacon light of mother love streaming across the darkness of the world. But only the mothers themselves perhaps ever understand its full meaning. "Manda!" cried this mother grandly and defiantly, as the girl shrunk away from her open arms newly smitten with shame. "Manda, thaa cornd un-mother me!"

"The Court of Souls" convened to try the girl's case furnishes a curious study of Puritanism. The minister, a stranger, is cast in a less stern mould than his congregation, and urges mercy. Since the angels welcome returning sinners, surely men may do the same. "It'll be time enough to do as the angels do when we live as the angels live," was the dry reply ; "an' I raither think as yo'd clam if yo' were put o' angels' meat." These men with whom the minister wrestled on behalf of mercy knew nothing of moral half lights—there were no gradations in their sense of right or wrong. Sin was sin and righteousness was righteousness. They drew a line narrow and inflexible, and knew no debatable zone where those who lingered were neither sinners nor saints. And so with the doctrine they held. Justice became cruelty and faith superstition. It was long ere the finer spirit of the minister prevailed ; but the change is shown by the gradual brightening in the tone of the stories toward the latter part of the book.

In the story called "A Woman's Secret," which is the tenderest and perhaps the finest of the work, the old Puritanical spirit is strongly contrasted with the new influence through the realisation of Miriam, the woman of the secret, and Deborah, the mother of her husband. Miriam, beautiful, soft spoken, and gentle-natured, belongs to the Established Church. Deborah, tall, gaunt,

* Lancashire Idylls. By Marshall Mather. London and New York : Frederick Warne & Co. $1.50.

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iron-visaged, proud and disliked, is a sort of prophetess among her kindred, mighty in the Scriptures, and inflexible in her faith. The marriage of her son outside her faith was in the eyes of this Calvinistic pagan an unpardonable sin; and the fact that he had no children was to her mind proof of Divine disapproval of his union with the uncovenanted. In the revelation of Miriam's secret sacred things are touched reverently, and a little child leads the stern old woman toward happiness at last. And thus at the end a sunset glow softens the bleakness of the dreary moorland, and there seems less sadness in the sigh of the wind over its wastes.

WILLIAM CARLETON.*

William Blake expounds the history of inspiration by a very curious and obscure symbol. A lark, he says, mounts upward into the heart of the heavens, and there is met by another and descending lark, which touches its wings to its wings; and he would have us understand, if I remember the passage and its context rightly—for I have not the prophetical book "Milton" by me—that man attains spiritual influence in like fashion. He must go on perfecting earthly power and perception until they are so subtilised that divine power and divine perception descend to meet them, and the song of earth and the song of heaven mingle together. Every literary current and tradition goes, I believe, through something like this development, coming only very late to its Shelleys and Wordsworths. Whether Irish prose literature be or be not to-day awaiting the celestial lark, and though no living Irish romance writer, with the exception of Mr. Standish O'Grady, has anything of Carleton's genius, it is certainly much more subtle, much more spiritual than before. The author of *The Traits and Stories* was not an artist, as those must needs be who labour with spiritual essences; but he was what only a few men have ever been or can ever be—the creator of a new imaginative world, the demiurge of a new tradition. He had no predecessors, for Miss Edgeworth wrote by preference of that section of Irish society which is, as are the upper classes everywhere, the least national of all, and was, as the upper classes have seldom been anywhere, ashamed of even the little it had of national circumstance and character; and when she did take a man out of the Gaelic world and put into his mouth the immortal *Memoirs of the Rackrent Family*, it was a poor man living in great men's houses, and not a poor man at his hearth among his children. She could not have done otherwise, for she was born and bred among persons who knew nothing of the land where they were born, and she had no generations of historians, Gaelic scholones and folklorists behind her, from whom to draw the symbols of her art.

William Carleton, on the other hand, came from the heart of Gaelic Ireland, and found there the symbols of his art. This strange Gaelic race lives between two worlds, the world of its poverty and a world of wild memories and of melancholy, beautiful imaginations. Carleton lived only just in time to describe its manners and customs as they had been left by centuries of purely Gaelic influence, for the great famine changed the face of Ireland, and from that day a hundred influences which are not Gaelic began to mould them anew. Miss Edgeworth had called up for a moment this ancient life in the mournful humour of Thady Quirk; but it was not until the brothers Banim and William Carleton began to write that it found adequate historians. Michael Banim was excellent in much of *Father Connell* and John Banim in the first half of *The Nolans*, and in the opening chapters of *Crohore of the Billhook*, and at odd moments in all his books; but only Carleton, born and bred a peasant, was able to give us a vast multitude of grotesque, pathetic, humorous persons, misers, pig-drivers, drunkards, schoolmasters, labourers, priests, madmen, and to fill them all with an abounding vitality. He was but half articulate, half emerged from Mother Earth, like one of Milton's lions; but his wild Celtic melancholy gives to whole pages of *Fardaroughu* and of *The Black Prophet* an almost spiritual grandeur. The forms of life he described, like those described with so ebullient a merriment by his contemporary Lever, passed away with the great famine; but the substance which filled those forms is the substance of Irish life, and will flow into new forms which will

* The Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 4 vols. $6.00.

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resemble them as one wave of the sea resembles another. In future times men will recognise that he was at his best a true historian, the peasant Chaucer of a new tradition, and that at his worst he fell into melodrama more from imperfect criticism than imperfect inspiration. In his time only a little of Irish history, Irish folk-lore, Irish poetry had been got into the English tongue; he had to dig the marble for his statue out of the mountain-side with his own hands, and the statue shows not seldom the clumsy chiselling of the quarryman.

W. B. Yeats.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE MADONNA OF A DAY. By L. Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Considering her subject, the New Woman—really the New Woman begins to seem almost prehistoric—Miss Dougall has shown much originality in her last story. She has put her New Woman into an extraordinary situation, far enough away from the atmosphere of the contemporary newspaper, in which usually she draws breath. Mary Howard, a young English journalist who is making a professional tour in the West, who smokes cigarettes, and pooh-poohs at old-fashioned religion, and is a good chum with all the men, walks off a train one night in a somnambulistic sleep and finds herself alone in a desolate and snowbound country. She makes her way with difficulty to a digging inhabited by a disreputable lot of men, appearing before them on Christmas night like a vision of the Madonna; and it is only by playing on this superstition of the men, which seizes on the idea of her divine womanhood, that she obtains even temporary safety. This is the clue to the plot of the story, which proceeds to place its heroine in a series of situations so horrible that any but the very newest of the new women would have turned maniacal in a night. She is a sharp-witted young person, however, and discovering that her safety is proportional to the amount of idealisation with which she is able to invest her womanly personality, she proceeds to play a sort of a Beatrice part as well as she knows how. Finally, however, her real character discovers itself to these men, and she is at their mercy. Only one, a low dwarf, clings to his first illusion. It is he, refined by his vision of the ideal, who risks his life to save her. But once saved and in the hands of friends, she so far forgets her part and his presence as unconsciously to disclose to him her real vulgarity and the sham part she has been playing. The last scene finds the dwarf sunk back in the bestiality of a drunken debauch. He has lost his illusion.

This is the story. A reviewer might praise it for the originality of its situation, which throws the problem into a stage light so strong that even the peanut gallery could not fail to catch the intention. The question is: Do such crude effects belong to dignified literature? This motive of *The Madonna of a Day*, delicately handled, might have developed into a strong and sweet story. That would have been art; this is melodrama.

And about the New Woman. Seeing that she has attained to really scientific importance, ought not some one to take the first step in placing all future discussion of her on the basis of a really sound science? We await her classification. What is she, anyway? Is she the girl who smokes cigarettes and chums with all the men; or is she the girl who lives in an apartment like the bachelor-maid, and writes papers, and doesn't chum particularly with any of the men; or is she that delightful creation of Violet Roseboro in a recent magazine, who, by reason of innate capacity, is born to be the support of men with chivalric ideas but incompetent? When we once find out what she is, we shall have clearer notions about the arguments concerning her. Here is a task for Mr. Zangwill, with his known interest in the subject and his genius for classification.

THE UNDER SIDE OF THINGS. By Lilian Bell. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

The Under Side of Things is a title that sounds so very much like Mr. Harold Frederic that we are relieved to find that no more abysmal a writer than Miss

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Lilian Bell is its author. In this case the under side of things happens to be the better side of things which is turned away from the world. To quote from the book: "Frivolity in women like Miss Vandervoort is but the casket enclosing jewels which only are shown to those who deserve to see their value." When Miss Bell wrote *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, we discovered that she was quite out of patience with the "Flossie-girls" of society; we take this book to be another protest, if not against the "Flossie-girls," at least against the "Lucy-girls," who are not strong enough for the men who love them. The "sweet Alice" of its story is a "maiden never bold" and completely subdued to parental authority, who walks hesitatingly in the path of love from the time she first meets Gordon Counselman at West Point, till she has to choose, after marriage, between allegiance to his interests and the interests of her most dispiriting mother. Kate Vandervoort is her dramatic complement. Miss Vandervoort has the frivolous reputation of being the belle of three cities, and is so clever that she says most of Miss Bell's good things for her; yet, in spite of these disparagements, it is she who sees love with single eyes. It is she who stands between Alice and the thousand distrusts of her pliant nature, and thrusts her into the arms of her real destiny in spite of fat senators and mammas with noses and social ambitions. Alice's real tragedy occurs when Miss Vandervoort is no longer beside her.

Miss Bell has a very good field in the subject of this story. It enlists her sympathies, and it gives her an opportunity to show how knowing she is in the little ways and frivolities of society. The sketching in of West Point life is a feature of the story. Yet the book does not live up so well to its intentions as *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid*—just as *A Little Sister to the Wilderness* was a disappointment after the first chapter—perhaps because it attempts more. Miss Bell has hardly volume enough as yet for a novel, just as she lacks volume for tragic effects. There is much of her bright epigrammatic humour in the present book, especially at the opening, when it plays upon Mrs. Copeland's nose and Senator Cobb's speech to Congress, which is happy, as usual. There is also much that is penetrating in the estimate of character. Yet in character drawing Miss Bell is inclined to miscalculate her effects and to make them too broad for the instincts of a good artist. There is much real sweetness in her work, but it still waits to be purged from an alloy of sentimentalism and sensationalism.

A BAD PENNY. By John T. Wheelwright. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

The hero of this historical romance (or is it a tale for the young?) is a scapegrace named James, who is destined by his father and his maiden aunt for the Christian ministry, but who himself has a distaste for sermons in sixteen parts, and wishes to follow his father's calling of the sea. This unholy desire alarms his relatives, who are further put out by his resemblance to an uncle who long ago disgraced the family name, and presumably died afterward in foreign parts. Of course the uncle reappears to inflame further his nephew's mind, and to incur himself the risk of imprisonment for a boyish theft, when the townspeople and especially a very rancorous old deacon discover his identity. James aids his uncle's escape, and undertakes afterward at his request to return the silver of the early robbery to its rightful owner, the rancorous deacon. This he does in a manner to bring suspicion upon himself, and to cause his immediate flight to sea and the war; for it is by this device that we are treated to the stock fight of the romantic drama, which in this case is the battle between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*. The uncle falls in the fight like a gallant fellow, and the nephew comes home gloriously to wed the girl of his choice.

The machinery of the plot, such as it is, seems to have been borrowed from the old story books, as well as the figures of the drama, which belong to the standard fiction of about half a century ago. The hypocritical deacon, the spinster aunt, and the mawkish goody-goody boy all serve to point the moral and adorn the tale, the moral being here a sort of echo of Dr. Holmes's ancient feud with New England theology.

QUAINT CRIPPEN, COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. By Alwyn Thurber. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.00.

Quaint Crippen, the drummer, is a hero who believes that the world has a

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welcome for the fellow whose heart is in the right place, and following the road under this conviction, he not only gets orders for "thirteen cases of Mill B. tickings and four of denims" with no trouble at all, but is able to do many a kind turn for his fellows on the way. This book records his good deeds, his observations on life at Chicago and elsewhere, his theological misgivings, and his final resolution of them with the aid of a charming young widow, whom he first meets as she sits sobbing on a trunk in the Hartford Depôt. In fact, the love story is a very large part of his history.

It is difficult to know exactly what to say of this volume, as it certainly does not stand on the plane of literature.

"If the reader of this would just as soon, why not take a run with Quaint down the road a ways, just to see what he is like. After the little I have told you, you may find him a moral worth studying."

Thus the narrative style. And the theological conversations with the widow are not always as illuminating to the reader as they seem to be to Crippen.

"Yet the heresies of the East are remarkably numerous," guessed Quaint.

"Mostly of the head, are they not? An intellectual heresy is altogether harmless."

"But a heresy of the heart?"

"That of the heart, when understood, gives promise of the coming of the true Christian era."

Altogether the manner and the breeding of this book are distinctly the manner and breeding of the commercial traveller. Yet for all that, there are a certain moral ingenuousness and warmth of heart in the intention of the story that make the reader hesitate to say anything too bad about it, just as he would prefer not to criticise an illiterate sermon by an honest man in the Salvation Army. Worse books than this are sold at the railway stands.

ACROSS AN ULSTER BOG. By M. Hamilton. New York: Edward Arnold. $1.00.

The sex problem continues to agitate fiction, and probably so long as the masters find anything original to say about it, we shall read the new Merediths and the new Hardys and the new Garlands. Even Sarah Grand is not entirely out of the question. But the story of the woman who is wronged and then bears the whole burden of a crime, in which the man has played not only the part of accomplice, but of tempter and bully, is trite enough, unless genius can realise the situation with new power.

Across an Ulster Bog has made it abnormally unpleasant; for in this story the betrayer of the innocent peasant girl is the minister of the parish, a man of the shallowest vulgarity, who has not even the excuse of a great passion. This fact enables the author to get in a fling not only at social but at ecclesiastical injustice. The most original departure in the book is the line that the Nemesis takes in seizing upon the tempter instead of the tempted. He falls, not, however, at the hands of the law or of the church, but of a few enraged peasants. Here, one would think, begins the really interesting part of the story: will this Count Gismond-like blow cleave out the truth, or will it rebound with society's terrible retribution upon the strikers and upon the silent sufferer of the drama? The author, however, shirks the issue, and following one of Mr. Fuller's little parodies, "the fate of the remaining personages is left altogether to surmise."

The literary quality of this book is respectable; but it does not redeem by one notable feature its subject. Pictures of Irish peasantry in the interests of the Celtic revival will hardly justify that. If we cannot have prohibition, let us at least have license, and take the sex problem out of the hands of all save the genius that is a law unto itself.

GREEN GATES. An Analysis of Foolishness. By K. M. C. Meredith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

These are some of the books that jostle together on the shelves of Jimmy Oldfield, the gentleman about town, the sportsman, the bibliophile, and finally the old fool of a lover at forty—Amiel, Mendès, Mallarmé! Lang and Verlaine! Maeterlinck and Sarcy! France and Gyp! The list is too long to continue; but it includes De Musset and Gautier. The chapter headings are from Ephraim Mikhaël, Baudelaire, Huysmans, Heine, and others besides; so that one can see under what mixed literary influences the author of *Green Gates* has worked. We will not attempt to classify the story, except to say that it is exceedingly modern, and might be bound in Henley's yel-

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low-paper covers—"quite impudently French." Not that there is any plain speaking in the book—the treatment is allusive, not to say coquettish—but the tone of it is decidedly not indigenous to American fiction. We are not accustomed to treat of young ladies who are brown and little devils, and whose laugh has the impropriety of Turkish music; who somehow wind themselves about the hearts of old men of forty and are saved by them unwillingly from passionate extremes—thank them not, and then—die, leaving jewelled hat-pins sticking in their hats and perfume in coquettish garments.

The book is a compound of affectation and charm—yes, charm; there is something of that which holds us to the end; something original, poignant about this little story in spite of its European emulations. Only, Miss Meredith, try something else next time.

THE FOLLY OF EUSTACE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Robert Hichens. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.

Mr. Hichens's stories attract a great deal of attention, and this is only natural. They are clever, and they hit the taste of the moment. In these before us there are signs of a possibility far better than *The Green Carnation* or *An Imaginative Man* gave promise of, something saner and not nearly so smart. But the morbid and the cleverly silly are what his public ask of him, and he has given a satire, very exaggerated and ultra-tragic, of course, of his own case in the story of "The Folly of Eustace." Whether he can dare the peril of writing sensibly, and maybe dully, before the fashion of the moment changes and leaves him stranded with unhealthy and out-of-vogue eccentricities, as Eustace's wife left him in disgust of his simulated whims, is a matter which is perhaps even now concerning him. He has enough feeling and knowledge of character to write good fiction of the more substantial sort, which he could always enliven by his aptitude for light satire of the fashions of the day. "The Man of Promise" is a very painful story, perhaps morbidly so; but it is human, touching, and able. In his fantasies, on the other hand, he is far clumsier. "The Return of the Soul," the tale of how the spirit of a brutally murdered cat entered into the body of the murderer's wife, fills us with disgust, but no terror. The faults of taste in his matter are reflected in his style. There is good writing, especially in "The Wolf's Life;" but there is too much of this kind of imagery: "Jenny smiled the watery smile of the sentimentalist; a glass of still lemonade washed with limelight might resemble it."

A WOMAN WITH A FUTURE. By Mrs. Andrew Dean. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. 75 cents.

Mrs. Dean never bungles clumsily, and those who do not know her other work will doubtless give her latest novel high praise, if no great liking. But it is not so good as *The Grasshoppers* or *A Splendid Cousin*. Its strokes, singly, tell as well; it hits its mark as accurately; but the object of her punishment this time is not so much in need of it, for the simple reason that nobody defends her; all the world is "down" on her. A hysterical girl with high musical ambitions and artistic ideals we might sympathise with, and to strip her of her picturesque garments, disturb her poses, and show her as the selfish tyrant, was worth while. Then good-natured folks who speak and act pleasantly, and spend lavishly, we might regard with tolerance till we hear that their lazy recklessness has a tragic end. But Hesperia appeals to nobody. She is idle, shallow, vulgar, uneducated, false, cold, cowardly, and insolent. No one needs protection against her, save the men who, like Philip, fall in love with her in the indulgence of latent low tastes; and no scourging of her vices will prevent such like occurrences to-day and to-morrow. There is one incident in her history which we think Mrs. Dean cannot have reported rightly—the dance which she and the portly Mr. Cassel broke into the night her husband came home ill of diphtheria. If Hesperia was given to dancing thus spontaneously, we think better of her, and begin to believe that a girl of such fresh, unbounded spirits must have had a poor time of it near the sober Philip and his respectable mother. Otherwise we had gathered that she was frivolous rather than light-hearted, pleasure-loving but not gay, in everywise sluggishly corrupt. Save for this doubtful incident, the book is, like all Mrs. Dean's, workmanlike, severely neat, and unrelentingly severe.

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HIS HONOUR AND A LADY. By Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The talent for satire which this clever writer has displayed again and again is uppermost here in perhaps the ablest piece of work which she has sent out since *A Social Departure*. Sometimes it appears as good-humoured fun, as in the descriptions of Mohendra Lal Chuckerbutty's relations with his superior officials, or the obtuse Mrs. Dawe's uncomfortable interviews with her prospective son-in-law. Sometimes it is cruel, as, occasionally, in its torture of Lewis Ancram, and sometimes it is over-subtle when directed at the same personage, who then escapes from our vengeance, if not from hers. It is a far abler book than its light, chattering tone would lead a hasty reader to suppose. Church, the dull, unimaginative hero and martyr to duty, is faultlessly drawn; and Ancram, the clever, subtle, capable, unheroic person, half wise man and half petty-minded official, to the delineation of whose difficult nature the book is mostly devoted, is at least suggested with skill. It was his fate to be rejected by two women, who had both fallen in love with "their idea of him." They were remarkable women, whose acquaintance it is worth while trying to make. Rhoda Daye may foil your efforts, but will not leave you indifferent. So it is not a dull company and not an ordinary one to which Mrs. Cotes vivaciously introduces you in this Anglo-Indian story.

A FIRST FLEET FAMILY. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

The first novel by Mr. Louis Becke, the young Australian writer, bears the name of a collaborator. The work shows no trace, however, of any other hand than his own, and in it he has employed the material as well as the manner which rendered his short stories notable. Again, as in *By Reef and Palm* and *The Ebbing of the Tide*, he describes the life of the coral islands of the Pacific —that strange, fascinating land where "it is always afternoon," and where white depravity dwells in discontent and discord with black brutality, peopling an isolated little world with an evil, hybrid race.

The fearful revelations of Mr. Becke's terrible tales are less shockingly set forth in his novel than in his short stories, by reason of its dealing with the original and least hardened elements of the Botany Bay colony. The opening scenes, which look toward the formation and the sailing of the first convict fleet, are cast on the south coast of England, which was at the time of the story, a hundred years ago, the stronghold of smuggling and of all lawlessness. Here transpire the events which make William Dew, the teller of the tale, one of the petty officers of the fleet, and which cause his best friend, William Bryant, to become one of the convicts. Bryant is a smuggler, but Mary Broad, the village belle and beauty, loves him none the less for that fact. When did commercial irregularity or swindling or even theft ever seem to the honestest woman to touch the relation between the man of her heart and herself? Mary tries to help William to escape; and when she fails, and her efforts bring her also under the ban of the law, she is willing and even happy to go with him into lifelong exile. The situation is hard on William Dew, who loves her. It is harder on Lieutenant Fairfax, of the convict fleet, since he has known Mary as his sister's maid, and has made love to her, and has been flouted and laughed at by the spoiled beauty. But the man has a noble nature, and Mary's appeal to him for the protection that her convict lover cannot give her is not in vain.

Through the magnanimity of the officer William and Mary are married as soon as they arrive at their destination, and with the landing of the ship and the formation of the first fleet families the settlement of New South Wales begins. There is a ghastly portrayal of the appalling situation. There is great lack of food, of everything that makes life desirable or even endurable. William and Mary have love, but nothing else; and they soon learn, as many men and women have learned with less bitter teaching, that love is not enough. Then ensues the most tragic events of the tale, which gather in darkness over this "first fleet family" until near the end, when the cloud in part lifts and a pale gray light suffuses the quiet close of the sad story.

The book is said, in the preface, to be largely historical, and it has an aspect

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of actuality throughout. It might, however, have been equally interesting and quite as convincing without being so immovably grave. The character of the subject precludes, of course, any gaiety; but it does not necessarily shut out that perception of humour which is the salt of the most serious fiction. Humorous possibilities crop up in spite of the gloom of the theme, and the unconsciousness with which the author passes them seems to be temperamental rather than intentional. Aside from this defect the work is strong, clear, and fresh, and the historical value of the story is admirably balanced by its romantic interest.

A STABLE FOR NIGHTMARES. By J. Sheridan Le Fanu, Sir Charles Young, Bart., and others. New York: New Amsterdam Book Company. 75 cts.

Tales of the weird and the gruesome, especially ghost stories, are somehow associated with long winter nights, and the delightful shivers that the genuine article sends down the back can only be thoroughly enjoyed at the fireside. So that it is rather unusual to find a volume of this kind appearing in midsummer, but with the exception of their seeming unseasonableness, the tales are all that the most unreserved reveller in the supernatural could desire. And who—having imagination—does not revel in a good ghost story and enjoy to the utmost a really harrowing tale, all "raw-head and bloody bones," to use a Southern phrase? There may be those to whom such things do not appeal, but those to whom they do appeal have had much distinguished company. The author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, for example, handles hobgoblins gingerly and makes an indirect confession of something very like faith in ghosts. Since, therefore, great minds have gone so far, ordinary mortals may feel free to acknowledge the charm of the unknowable, even while laughing at superstition; and those stories which make no pretext of possibility or explanation are accordingly most satisfying. There is no disenchanting attempt at justification in this fresh budget. The devil roams and roars without disguise; graveyards yawn and phantoms appear at feasts as uninvited guests; familiar demons attend men and women in the ordinary affairs of life; apparitions announce in the most deliciously blood-curdling manner, "Not until my murderer shall be separated from the mortal clay can my spirit rest in peace!" Nothing that goes to the making of goose-flesh is lacking in this stable for nightmares, for the stories are one and all of the most approved and time-tried description.

AN ODD SITUATION. By Stanley Waterloo. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.25.

Mr. Walter Besant has written an introduction to this book in which he has been careful to say a great deal about the Windy City as a near literary centre, and cautious to say nothing that commits him to an opinion of the work in hand. It is hard to understand what the motive of this foreword can have been, and harder still to grasp the meaning of the story itself. If the question involved were merely the old one whether a man who is a journalist first and an author afterward can create real literature the answer would be easier than usual. Certainly it would be easier than in the case of Mr. Waterloo's first novel, *A Man and a Woman*, which seemed to hold the germ of larger literary development. In this later book the author not only lapses into the journalistic manner, but seems to lack the definite intention that is required to give coherence and symmetry to a work of its size. The central idea is fresh and interesting, and an admirable short story might have been spun about it. Life on a farm lying half in Canada and half in the United States furnishes the odd situation, and the export and import laws are cleverly satirised. It is amusing to learn through an object lesson that hay grown upon one part of the farm cannot be stacked upon another without violation of the tariff regulations; and it is funny to read of the maidservants' international raids upon the eggs laid within the realm of the Empress of India by gallivanting American hens. But literary art has laws older and more immutable than any tariff legislation, and Mr. Waterloo has disregarded the one while pointing out the absurdity of the other. The long rows of figures showing the customs dues may be passed over without comment, since they belong to the subject, if not to the story, but when an entire chapter is devoted to an abstract discussion of cookery, and pages of irrelevant doggerel, such as

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"And mighty pasty and steaming stew
Every stomach there got its due,"

are thrown in for the sole purpose, apparently, of padding the sketch into a volume, the reader has a sense of something like indignation.

ISBAN-ISRAEL. A South African Story. By George Cossins. London: Gay & Bird.

In these days of gloomy and peculiar novel-writing, when almost every book is born with a mission, it is delightful to find a story written solely for entertainment. The author of this romance is not known to American readers, but he comes with a good introduction, and seems likely to stay. The character of the story and its manner suggest the best work of Rider Haggard, notably *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*, and there is the same rich extravagance of imagination. The South African environment with its remoteness and mystery aids the effects which the author seeks to produce. These are all much in the line of Rider Haggard's. There are treasure-lined caves inhabited by mysterious peoples who seem to have nothing in common with the ordinary life of the upper earth. Three are the normal human beings, an Englishman and two English girls, who fall into the power of the giant Kafiers dwelling in subterraneous darkness and ruled by a Jewish king, Isban-Israel. The account of the life in the caves and the adventures of the prisoners is given with all the interesting and convincing detail that Rider Haggard would have employed; and Ira, the wicked wife of the good king, is a twin sister to "She" in all save age, and that point is not clear. Her jealousy of the English girls brings the tragedy of the story, the ghastliness of which is rather too vividly realised, thus marring somewhat the entirely agreeable impression which the work would otherwise leave.

VERA VORONTZOFF. By Sonya Kovalevsky. Translated by Anna von Rydingsvärd. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

There is an especial interest attached to the appearance of the first translated novel of Sonya Kovalevsky—a woman whose brilliant triumphs in the field of exact science would hardly indicate a temperament that could find congenial expression in romantic literature. Her biographers tell us that, at first, she wrote mainly as a recreation from her mathematical labours, and in *Vera Vorontzoff* we find no traces of that absorbing ambition that won for its author so many successes in her scientific career.

It is a brief romance, told in a style that charms by its simplicity. The story is of a beautiful young girl who, through the influence of a man much older than herself, becomes deeply imbued with his liberal and unpractical ideas for governmental reform in Russia. The time is soon after the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II. Between Stepan Vasiltreff and Vera there exists a romantic friendship that is just blossoming into love when he is suddenly ordered into exile, being suspected of treason. Vera is crushed by the cruel injustice of the blow that separates them; and when, after his death, which occurs a year later, she receives a letter in which he had declared his conviction that she was destined to do "great and noble" deeds for Russian liberty, her intense nature longs for an opportunity to prove herself worthy of his trust. She soon finds it—but in just what way we must let the author relate—though perhaps this is rather an exasperating action on our part at this stage of the proceedings.

As we have indicated, the simplicity of style in this little romance is in itself refreshing. In one chapter occurs a description of the Russian spring that is singularly unhackneyed and charming:

"It was the close of April. . . . Suddenly, one night, a mild, warm rain began to fall, and from that moment all went as if by magic. It was as if a secret power of effervescence lay hidden in the fine, fragrant rain. . . . Yesterday everything had been black and naked, and now it looked as if a thin light green veil had been thrown over all. Neither was the air the same as yesterday. The fragrance was quite different, and it was so easy to breathe! All nature was smitten with a real spring fever. The birches had already clothed themselves in a fine transparent network of leaves, light and delicate as lace. From the poplars' big, swelling buds fell balsamic scales that filled the air with a strong intoxicating perfume. . . . The spruces shot out long, pale-green cones, straight as candles, which showed strangely against the brown ones of last year. Only the oak still stood naked and surly, as if he had no thought of spring."

The story of Madame Kovalevsky's remarkable career is told with sympathetic enthusiasm by the translator, Anna von Rydingsvärd, in an article which forms a preface to this very attractive little story.

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MARK HEFFRON. By Alice Ward Bailey. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

A book occasionally descends upon the reviewer like a fog, in which the meaning of the work cannot be found, no matter how he may beat about. *Mark Heffron* is of that kind. At first glimpses through the mist, it looks like a treatise on hypnotism; then it appears to be a series of lectures on Christian science; lastly it looms up as a full and explicit but somewhat belated guide-book to the World's Fair. The hero and heroine are rather incidental to the Exposition, but the latter finds there an excellent opportunity to exert his hypnotic influence over the girl, while she studies Christian science. "If," says the author lucidly, "she had been less in earnest, the applicability of the argument for the non-existence of evil to the exigencies of the occasion might have sent her into healing fits of laughter; but she took herself and her moods too seriously for that." Hypnotism gets the better of Christian science, or seems through the fog to be getting it, when the attention of all the personages of the story is required to combat the extortions of the Chicago boarding-house keeper. Coming from nothing, the book ends nowhere, after three hundred and fifty pages.

SUSANNAH. By Mary E. Mann. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

The type of philanthropy which poses is not unfamiliar in fiction nor in life, but it rarely receives such an amusing setting forth as in the character of the woman who offers Susannah a home "out of pure charity." Susannah, had she been an American girl of equal refinement, pride, and independence of character, would have declined the offer, preferring to earn her own living; but being an English girl, bred to the traditions of her aristocratic class, Susannah accepts the offer, and thereby hangs the tale. The woman who has offered the orphan a home wishes, above all things, to be considered charitable, yet holds firmly to a determination to make economy cover the cost of the giving which feeds her vanity. She accordingly economises in the food of the family to the verge of starvation, and "domesticates" Susannah to the extent of doing the work of a cook. There is little to cook, to be sure, but the girl knows nothing of work of any kind, and is indolent and selfish to boot, although the author has not apparently intended to present her in that light. It is not surprising, therefore, that the mistress of the house soon rues her bargain, and that Susannah runs away, notwithstanding the championship of the son of the house, who has fallen in love with her. She goes in disguise to London, and engages as a servant in the house in which her shiftless brother lives. The new experience is entertainingly described, but has its sad side also. She learns that her brother is an opium wreck, and that his associations are of the worst. The Bohemians who frequent his rooms insult her, not knowing who she is. Only one, a young doctor, is different from the rest, and it is he whom she marries after long tribulation.

BEYOND THE PALÆOCRYSTIC SEA. By A. S. Morton. St. Paul, Minn. $1.50.

The theory of the introduction is that the legend of Halfjord, which forms the body of the book, was suggested by a manuscript found in a bottle in the Arctic Ocean. The manuscript found in a bottle has been somewhat overworked, yet the author in this instance has managed to invest the method with a measure of freshness. In debating the genuine or spurious character of the document, he reverts to the frequently recurring mirage seen off the coast of Alaska, the vision of a strange city which has never been found or identified. From this he goes on to hint in rather an entertaining way that the reflection mirrored between sea and sky may have come from the ice-walled city of the Pole described in the manuscript. The purported writer of the manuscript claims to have been a member of Dr. Kane's exploring party. He relates how he became separated from the others, and describes his coming upon the mysterious city after long wandering over icy wastes. The place, the people, and their customs are interestingly set forth. The long legend of Halfjord, with its Olaf and Hrunhilde, seems a prose echo of Scandinavian poetry.

THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN. By Sir Walter Besant. New York: Fred. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.

The Master Craftsman is a most comfortable novel. Everything is better at

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the end than it was at the beginning, and the bettering comes about according to a business-like plan, the various characters honestly contributing efforts and reaping satisfactory results. Sir Walter's recent researches in London history are suggested here. The Wapping of last century is the background for the early part, and in the Wapping of to-day the two heroes play some of their parts. The local descriptions, it should be said, are capital, and not made to be skipped. There is one part of the plot which seems unnecessarily incredible, the story of the bag of precious stones, hidden by old John Burnikel in the beginning of the century, lost for long, and found at a crucial point of one of the heroes' fortunes. But Sir Walter is in this story most evidently catering for two or three distinct kinds of readers, and the treasure legend is a bribe to the younger and lighter ones to swallow some wholesome food; and besides, fortunes and the romance of money generally, his recent fiction shows to be a favourite material with him. But the actual story is really amusing. We are introduced to two cousins. One has had a wealthy bringing-up. He moves in the West-end world and among Piccadilly clubs. Suddenly he finds himself penniless, without a profession. The other is a humble but prosperous boat-builder in Wapping. But the West-ender is a craftsman by instinct, and the Wappingite a politician, a leader of men. How they change lots, and how they are severally trained for their destinies, let Sir Walter tell you. He does it very amusingly, and contrives not to shock your feelings at all when the affianced bride of the Wappingite is turned over to the ex-West-end elegant, while the great lady who might have bestowed her hand on that agreeable young man, if he had only had ambition, becomes the wife of the ex-boat-builder and future cabinet minister. Nothing goes wrong in this eminently improbable and cheerful world of Sir Walter's.

THE WAY THEY LOVED AT GRIMPAT: Village Idylls. By E. Rentoul Esler. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.co.

They loved mostly in a pleasing manner at Grimpat, at least the Grimpat love stories are pleasant to read, and, on the whole, very cheerful. Mrs. Esler has not been bitten by the modern habit —for it is as much a habit as any real conviction of art or life—of showing humble life steeped in magic, suffering, and sin. Her heroines, Kitty, Eunice, Linnet, Bessie, and the others, have their troubles, but they don't succumb before them, and they love in so decent and becoming a fashion as to win all our respect and sometimes our sympathy. The stories are far above the average in style and in knowledge of character, while "Kitty," "Good for-Nothing," and "Bessie" deserve special mention for their pathetic and striking pictures of village life.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE BALANCE OF POWER, 1715–1789. (Periods of European History.) By Arthur Hassall. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60.

The Balance of Power, by Arthur Hassall, is a history of Europe from 1715–89, and takes its title from the policy whose maintenance formed the chief concern of the statesmen of that period. Compressed within the limits of an octavo volume, this history omits to a great extent to consider the politics of the Papacy and of Portugal, and touches upon the internal affairs of the remaining States only in so far as they reacted upon foreign relations. However, these omissions have made room for a very satisfactory treatment of the grand political movements of the period—the rise of Russia and Prussia, the decay of Sweden, Poland, and Turkey, the opening of the Eastern Question, and the efforts of Europe to maintain the balance of power as against the aggressions of France, on the one hand, and of Austria on the other. The unity of the politics of Eastern, Western, and Northern Europe is thus properly emphasised and a correct idea conveyed of the general outlines of the history of Europe in the eighteenth century. Terse and read-

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able, embodying the results of the latest investigations, and furnished with index, appendices and maps, this volume is worthy of the highest commendation.

The period under consideration begins with the death of Louis XIV., in 1715, and ends with the meeting of the States-General, in 1789. What were the chief characteristics of this period? The political idea most widely accepted was that of the balance of power. This idea had been pushed into prominence at the close of the Thirty Years' War. It had been ignored by Louis XIV. But in 1788 William III. had successfully asserted it against the Grand Monarch; and in 1717 Lord Stair, the English envoy, informed the regent of France that England's foreign policy was based on the principle of a balance of forces, and that she intended to prevent either France or Austria from becoming stronger than the other. In 1788 the assertion of the principle by England prevented the dismemberment of Sweden and Turkey.

But the efforts of England and the weaker Continental States to preserve the balance of power did not put an end to aggression. Political morality was at a low ebb in the eighteenth century. Territorial aggrandisement was the principal object of the great Powers, and deceit, treachery, and violence were the order of the day. The War of the Austrian Succession and the partition of Poland sum up the political character of the period. The one demonstrated the utter worthlessness of the most solemn engagements of the European Powers, the other illustrated the amount of respect which strong States had for the rights of the weak. The principles avowed with brutal cynicism by Frederick the Great and Catherine II. were practised by other governments, with the result that at the end of the period most of the States were worn out in the effort either to conquer the territory of their neighbours or to defend their own.

In spite of the low condition of international morality, the responsibilities of rulers within their own territories were understood and acknowledged. The modern idea of the State began to appear. It was recognised that government exists for the benefit of the governed. Benevolent despots governed their countries on humanitarian principles. But the sovereignty of the people was not recognised. Government, while it existed for the people, was not administered by them. The eighteenth century was the period of administrative despotism. The State was everything, the people nothing. Small wonder, therefore, that no consideration was paid to the feeling of nationality. "They cut and pare States and kingdoms," wrote Alberoni, of the ministers of his day, "as if they were Dutch cheeses." The supremacy of dynastic interests remained unquestioned throughout the period, and it was not till the nineteenth century that the idea of nationality was generally accepted.

The immense interest taken in commercial and colonial questions is an important characteristic of the period. Commerce was recognised as being the road to national prosperity and to individual wealth and power. The growth of the commercial and colonial interests brought with it the increased importance of the middle class, particularly in England, France, and Western Germany. Improvement in the condition of the peasantry kept pace with the development of trade.

But an intelligent and powerful middle class and a peasantry awakening to a consciousness of its own strength will not forever submit to the economic and social injustice wrought by outgrown feudal institutions.

"As the century advanced," says Mr. Hassall, "it became evident that the overthrow of the old European system was at hand. The middle class, richer and better educated than before, felt themselves to be fit for the exercise of political functions which the theory of benevolent despotism denied them. The people who provided from their own ranks the soldiers who were the instruments of the royal tyranny, were driven to desperation by feudal exaction and social privilege. On the other hand, monarchy had lost its dignity and leadership, the nobility was extravagant, the church corrupt, politicians unblushingly selfish. The old props of society were giving way. A catastrophe was inevitable. But from what quarter the first shock of the earthquake would make itself felt no one could say."

BUDDHISM: ITS HISTORY AND LITERATURE. By T. W. Rhys Davids. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1896. $1.50.

A few years ago several American scholars arranged for a series of "popular courses" in the history of religions, in imitation of the Hibbert lectures of England. These are to be delivered

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annually in the chief intellectual centres of this country, and were inaugurated in 1894–95 by Professor T. W. Rhys Davids, of London, the acknowledged authority upon Pâli literature. His six lectures are now presented to the public, and one cannot commend too highly the clear presentation of this interesting subject and the careful preparation of the work, which contains a list of the Pâli Text Society's publications and a complete index.

It is superfluous to speak of Professor Rhys Davids's scholarship, which is too deeply established to admit remark; but attention may be called to the condensed and polished style in which he has moulded his research. The six chapters describe "Religious theories in India before Buddhism;" "Authorities on which our knowledge of Buddhism is based;" "Notes on the life of the Buddha;" "The signs, the path, and the fetters;" "The wheel of life and Arahatship;" and "Notes on the history of Buddhism."

Incidentally the story is told of the discovery of Pâli, in which much ancient folk-lore and many religious writings still remain buried. The whole collection of Buddhist Scriptures is divided into three parts, now called Pitakas (Baskets), holding the Dhamma (the Norm); and these three divisions are known as the *Vinaya* (guidance), relating to the order of the mendicant recluses; the *Suttas* (threads), truths and discussions of the psychological system on which these truths are based; and *Abhidhamma* (expansion of the truth), which continues the psychological examination. Locked in this Pâli tongue what is probably the most authentic and least legendary history of Gotama awaits the hand of the scholar for translation. Most interesting is the description of the Wheel of Life in connection with its representation in the fresco of the caves of Ajanta in Central India and in Thibet. Mr. Davids has also a word to say about the so-called *Esoteric Buddhism*, and explains clearly how what has been launched under that name, such as self-induced trance, astral-body, and obscure questions in psycho-physics belong not especially to Buddhism, but to the general Yoga philosophy of India.

An idea of the dissemination of Buddhism, which has numbered more believers than any other religion in the world, may be quickly gained by referring to Professor Davids's careful description, which will also give an impression of his easy style:

"Buddhism starts with a complete philosophical and psychological theory worked out by men of great intellectual power and considerable culture. It took its rise among an advancing and conquering people full of pride in their colour and their race, in their achievements and their progress. It advocated a view in many respects far in advance of what had been reached, and, for the matter of that, of what has even now been reached by the average philosophic and religious mind. It made its first conquests in a great continent occupied by peoples of various races and holding widely different views; their leaders often, it is true, well trained in philosophic thought, but the mass of the folk entangled in multiform varieties of an indiscriminating animism. And it soon spread over the frontiers among nations, some of them more barbarous still than the then most uncultured Indians. Buddhism has been adopted by the wild hordes on the cold tablelands of Nepal, Tartary, and Thibet, by the cultured Chinese in their varying climes, in the peninsula of Korea, whence it spread to the islands of Japan, and by the Sinhalese and Siamese under the palm groves of the south. It has penetrated on the west to the confines of Europe; on the north it numbers its adherents amid the snow and ice of Siberia; and in the far east it was the dominant religion for centuries in the beautiful islands of the Javanese archipelago. Wherever it has gone it has been so modified by the national characteristics and the inherited beliefs of its converts, acting upon the natural tendencies within itself to alteration and decay, that it has developed, under these conditions, into strangely inconsistent and even antagonistic beliefs and practices. But each of these beliefs breathes more or less of the spirit of the system out of which they all alike have grown, and most interesting it is to trace the causes which have produced out of it such different results."

MARIA MITCHELL: LIFE, LETTERS, AND JOURNALS. Compiled by Phebe Mitchell Kendall. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1896. $1.00.

With commendable suppression of eulogy the life of a famous American woman has been carefully arranged and will appeal to many readers. To those interested in astronomy it offers little; to those interested in the development of women in this century and in this country, it offers more; for Miss Mitchell, despite considerable achievement and recognition in her chosen science, identified herself chiefly with the education of her sex at Vassar, where she gave a prominence to astronomy which it has never attained in any other college for women. She considered women particularly adapted for astronomy, and said:

"The training of a girl fits her for delicate

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work. The touch of her fingers upon the delicate screws of an astronomical instrument might become wonderfully accurate in results ; a woman's eyes are trained to a nicety of colour. The eye that directs a needle in the delicate meshes of embroidery will equally well bisect a star with the spider-web of the micrometer. Routine observations, too, dull as they are, are less dull than the endless repetition of the same pattern in crochet-work."

A short sketch of her early life in the primitive island of Nantucket precedes the extracts from her journals. Her talent was inherited, and, under the influence of her father, it developed rapidly. At the age of twelve she counted the seconds while Mr. Mitchell observed the solar eclipse of 1831, and in 1847 she discovered a comet, for which achievement she received a gold medal from the King of Denmark. The diary consists of fragmentary notes of her Southern tour in 1857, and of her European travels of 1857–65, the latter of which contain glimpses of famous astronomers and celebrities, including Sir John Herschel ; Sir George Airy ; the Hawthornes ; Leverrier, whom she saw in Paris ; Humboldt, whom she visited in Berlin ; and Mrs. Somerville, to whom she was presented in Florence.

The most interesting notes are the description of her visit, in 1873, to the famous observatory at Pulkova, near St. Petersburg ; her observation of the solar eclipse at Denver in 1878 ; and the short hints of her interest in the colours of stars. This new enjoyment began in 1853, and she derived the same pleasure in it as if looking at a "collection of precious stones or a flower-garden at autumn."

ELIZA PINCKNEY. By Harriot Horry Ravenel. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The extravagant habits and luxurious indulgences of Marie Antoinette, her satellites, and her imitators, contributed in no small degree to the climax and upheaval of the French Revolution. In another and more significant manner the women of the American colonies had their share in producing the American Revolution and in preparing the country for the new conditions of social and domestic life ushered in with its stormy dawn.

This book is one of the commendable Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times Series, embracing biographies of persons not especially interesting of themselves, but who, standing as types of women in the different sections of the country, show what important work was accomplished by them without thought of notoriety as they revolved through their simple, unchanging, and monotonous orbits. The biography of Mrs. Pinckney, based upon and including unpublished letters, is drawn chiefly from private material preserved by her descendants. It gives a picture of life in South Carolina from 1737 through the Revolutionary War, and reveals that the Southern matron lived a useful, active, and vigorous life. The author very pertinently closes her book with the significant remark that while the American women of all parts of the country had a great work to do in fitting themselves and their children for the new government, those of the Southern States had an additional labour.

"They had to train and teach a race of savages—a race which had never known even the rudiments of decency, civilisation, or religion ; a race which, despite the labours of colonists and missionaries, remains in Africa to-day as it was a thousand years ago ; but a race which, influenced by these lives, taught by these Southern people for six generations, proved in the day of trial the most faithful, the most devoted of servants, and was declared in 1863 by the Northern people worthy to be its equal in civil and political rights."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

There are several new volumes, appearing in various and popular series, which are deserving of notice. Messrs. Harper and Brothers have added Thomas Hardy's *Wessex Tales* ($1.50) to their uniform collection of his novels, and the same firm has begun a new library edition from new plates of the works of Mark Twain, with *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, and *The Prince and the Pauper*. The first volume contains a photogravure portrait of Mr. Clemens from a recent photograph, and all the volumes are fully illustrated. The books are substantially made, and an opportunity is afforded new readers of Mark Twain of acquiring a handsome edition for their bookshelves. But those of us who have the old editions will hug them all the tighter to our book-loving hearts.——*Sense and Sensibility*, by Jane Austen, illustrated by

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Hugh Thomson, and with an introduction by Austin Dobson, is the new volume in Macmillan's Standard Illustrated Novels Series ($1.50); and *A Bachelor's Establishment* (*Un Ménage de Garçon*) is the latest addition to the Dent edition of Balzac which Mr. Saintsbury is editing and the Macmillan Company is publishing in this country. The same firm has imported two more volumes of the Dent edition of Alphonse Daudet, the first two of which appeared last month and were noticed in these columns. *Kings in Exile* and *Artists' Wives* ($1.00 each) are charmingly illustrated from drawings by Bieler, Conconi, Rossi, and Myrbach, and we again commend this edition for its excellent typography, printing, and binding, all of which are in good taste and in perfect harmony with Daudet's fine artistic work. The Macmillan Company also publishes another collection of Jane Barlow's Irish stories in the dainty Iris Series. Miss Barlow's work is well known, and it has been so graciously received already that comment is superfluous. Bertha Newcome's humorous drawings illustrating Irish life and character in the previous volume in the series make her work in *Mrs. Martin's Company and other Stories* all the more interesting and welcome.——Messrs. Little, Brown and Company send us Volumes VII. and VIII. of their handsome subscription edition of the novels of Captain Marryat, edited by R. Brimley Johnson. They consist of *Mr. Midshipman Easy* and *Japhet in Search of a Father*, and each volume contains half a dozen full-page etchings. "Equality Jack" —Mr. Midshipman Easy—stands pre-eminent among the kindly, good-humoured portraits that hang in Captain Marryat's long gallery of fun and frolic. Not only is the story extremely amusing; but, as the editor points out, depending as it does for its main interest on comedy that is almost wholly farcical, it is peculiarly satisfactory to find men of sterling worth untouched by satire, and the serious side of life treated with feeling. Mr. Johnson labours unnecessarily in introducing *Japhet*, and he is rather clumsy in his way of putting the case for the story, as if he lacked enthusiasm for his subject and took it as a task. Such sentences as "the story is well told, enlivened by humour and very respectably constructed," "Marryat here makes use of well-worn material and uses it well," are a poor tribute to the writer of a story that has afforded mirth-provoking entertainment for half a century of tireless readers. The story is told how, while *Japhet* was running in the pages of the old *Metropolitan Magazine* (September, 1834, to January, 1836), an American vessel meeting an English one in the broad Atlantic, instead of a demand for water or supplies, ran up the question to her masthead, "Has Japhet found his father yet?"

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have just issued Fenimore Cooper's *The Pilot* in their popular Mohawk Edition of his works. We have already commended this edition for library purposes; the type is clear and bold, printed on good paper, and the book is substantially bound.——A new reprint of the *Poetical Works of John Milton* in the Albion Edition of the poets ($1.50) appears from the press of Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company. This is furnished with introductory memoir, notes, and a bibliography.——The Messrs. Scribner have brought out two more volumes of *Stories by English Authors*, the countries represented in the subject-matter being Italy and Africa (75 cents).——Mr. Clifton Johnson, in his rambles about New England, has made a quaint and interesting collection of the odd rhymes, proverbs, and superstitions which he found current in many New England households. Mr. Johnson is a keen observer and an entertaining chronicler, and much that he has gathered together in *What they Say in New England* ($1.25) will prove equally as instructive to the lover of folk-lore as to the curious reader (Lee and Shepard).——The readers of the essay are few in number nowadays, we fear, but for the elect few Mr. William Sharp will always have a word to whisper in the ear. His *Ecce Puella and other Prose Imaginings*, published recently by Messrs. Way and Williams, contains half a dozen essays in which the Celtic imagination of the poet takes flight and carries the willing mind with it to a world that is made up of an imagined life of thought and sentiment, tinctured with tender mysticism. This applies more relevantly to the last four chapters out of the six. The first, *Ecce Puella*, appeared originally in a more extensive form as "Fair Women," an illustrated monograph in the

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Portfolio, while the second, "Fragments from the Lost Journals of Piero di Cosino," was published in the pages of *The Scottish Art Review* some years ago. ——*Leigh Hunt*, by R. Brimley Johnson (90 cents), published by the Macmillan Company, gives us such a record of facts and so careful and sympathetic a treatment of this interesting literary personality and character as has heretofore been sought for in vain. It is a modest, unpretentious little book, and is apt to be overlooked among larger and louder volumes, and we should be glad if to some of our readers this notice should save it from oblivion.——*The Dictionary of Quotations* (English), with authors and subject-indices by P. H. Dalbiac, is to be followed by a second volume with only Greek and Latin quotations, and a probable third volume dealing with modern Continental writers. This is the most complete up-to-date and most carefully indexed book of quotations that has yet been published (Macmillan, $2.00).

The Republic Press of New York has issued a new reprint of the after-dinner rhymes delivered at an annual dinner of the New York Yale Alumni Association. These rhymes, which were a source of great amusement at the time, have been revised and freshened with notes by the author, and are illustrated in a captivating style by C. D. Gibson and Dan Beard. The book is entitled *Our Chauncey*, and has as a frontispiece a very good picture of Mr. Depew.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1896.

The month's publications and general book business have failed to show any marked features, being confined almost exclusively to fiction, and though of less volume than last month, comparing favorably with the same period in recent years.

Works on the timely subjects of flowers and birds have renewed their sales, among the most popular being *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, by Mrs. William Starr Dana; *Birdcraft*, by Mabel Osgood Wright, and *Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America*, by Frank M. Chapman.

European *Guide Books* continue in good demand, and the new editions of city and summer resort *Guides* are now making their annual appearance. There is also a considerable call for *Road Maps* to supply the needs of cyclists, and several very attractive and practical ones of New York and vicinity have recently been issued.

A revival in political campaign literature may now be expected, but at present McKinley's discourses, together with a slight increase in the sales of the various books and pamphlets on the financial question, are filling the demand.

Library orders hold out unusually well, and there has been a noticeable number of orders for books suitable for prizes at commencement in the various schools and colleges.

In the field of religious literature, Ian Maclaren's two books, *The Upper Room* and *The Mind of the Master*, have led the sales, together with the booklet entitled *What is Worth While?* by Anna Robertson Brown. The early publication of *Adoniram Judson Gordon*, a biography by his son, Earnest B. Gordon, will add another valuable book to this class.

That the recently issued *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes* is being appreciated is evinced by the continued demand; *Democracy and Liberty*, by William E. H. Lecky, is another work selling exceptionally well. These, with the *History of the Warfare of Science with Religion in Christendom*, by Andrew D. White, have been the mainstay in the more substantial books of the month.

In addition to the various lines of cheap 16mos, the Lotos Library, issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is an illustration of the present popularity of this size of book. Stories by Captain Charles King and Julian Hawthorne have been announced for early publication in this series.

In reviewing the main part of the month's sales—namely, fiction—our attention is drawn to a number of leading books which are receiving very adverse criticism. Of these the most prominent are *Maggie*, by Stephen Crane; *A Lady of Quality*, by Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett; and *Jude the Obscure*, by Thomas Hardy.

The month's publications include *A Venetian June*, by Anna Fuller; *An Army Wife*, by Captain Charles King; and *The Under Side of Things*, by Lilian Bell, all of which are showing promise of a considerable popularity. In addition to these, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, and *A Singular Life* have enjoyed an unabated sale.

Outside of *Titus*, which still has a remarkable demand, paper-bound books have no title of special prominence, the best sales being made from Appleton's Town and Country Library and Lippincott's Select Novels, at fifty cents, while at twenty-five cents the Globe Library contains many attractive titles.

The popular books of the month, as indicated by their sale, are denoted by the following list:

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1.00.

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Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. $1.25.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.
Maggie. By Stephen Crane. 75 cts.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50
The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
Cinderella. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.00.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
Gobseck. By Balzac. $1.50.
The Social Highwayman. By Elizabeth Phipps Train. 75 cts.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.
A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1896.

Considering that June is always a dull month, and making due allowance for the political turmoil into which the country is at present plunged, last month's business was as good as could reasonably be expected. The demand was fairly active during most days in the month, and orders, though small as regards quantity, were fairly numerous, and came in steadily. While no book ran far ahead of the others in point of sale, as the once famous *Trilby* did at this time last year, nearly all of the recent new books are selling well.

Now that the money question is again prominently before the country the demand for books on the subject is increasing very rapidly. "Coin" Harvey's books, which had such a wonderful vogue some months since, after having been "dead" for a time, have undergone a kind of resuscitation and are again being called for. It is not at all likely, however, that they will repeat their former marvellous success. Tariff literature is also having a fair demand, but judging from the call, does not compare in point of interest with the former subject. Political works in general are likewise in strong request.

Publishers are evidently busy with fall preparations, as very few books of note appeared last month. The most popular were Miss Lillian Bell's *Under Side of Things*, which is entitled to the proud distinction of being the best-selling book of the month; Captain King's *An Army Wife;* Anna Fuller's *A Venetian June*, and Stephen Crane's two books, *George's Mother* and *Maggie*.

The new trade edition of Mark Twain's works is not selling yet quite as largely as it should, but it will undoubtedly be quite a factor in fall business. Messrs. Little, Brown and Company's new edition of Captain Marryat's novels should also be popular, considering that it fully supplies the demand which has long existed for an edition worth preserving of these inimitable sea stories. Books on golf are meeting with quite a demand at present, and so is bicycle literature, such as maps, handbooks, etc.

Fiction and out-of-door books are now in season, and are having an increasing sale. A notable addition to the latter class of literature has just been made by George P. Fisher's *Out of the Woods*, which is going very well.

That the summer's reading is not confined entirely to fiction is evidenced by the brisk sale last month of such works as White's *Warfare of Science*, Holmes's *Life and Letters*, Ian Maclaren's *Mind of the Master*, Fletcher's *Menticulture*, and Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty*.

Most people when buying books to read on a vacation trip choose fiction of the lightest kind; but what must be thought of the omnivorous reading of this nation when a man buys a complete set of Herbert Spencer's works to take with him on a fishing trip, as one buyer did the other day.

Ian Maclaren's books still have a remarkable circulation, and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, though now much slower, is still a leading book. *The Red Badge of Courage* also made a good record last month, and so did R. H. Davis's *Cinderella* and Harold Frederic's *Damnation of Theron Ware* The following books sold best in actual numbers last month:

The Under Side of Things. By Lillian Bell. $1.25.
Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. $1.25.
Cinderella, and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.00.
Menticulture; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.25.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1.00.
A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.
A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.
A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
Tom Grogan. By F Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
The Mind of the Master. By Ian Maclaren. $1.50.
Joan of Arc. By Mark Twain. $2.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, May 25 to June 20, 1896.

Trade is quiet, with occasional improvements, but of very short duration. An evening paper recently stated that *it was informed* that the bicycling craze had seriously affected bookselling. This was evidently a local experience, as it has not made itself felt in the wholesale trade. Readers are *born*, and nothing will draw a true reader from the occupation which is his very existence. On this fact hangs the bookseller's hope of making a living.

Reference has been made in this column to fashion in the appearance of a book. At the present moment fashion in the wording of a title is very noticeable. Since the publication of *A Man and*

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a Woman, the following variations have been noted :

A Mask and a Martyr.
His Honour and a Lady.
Two Women and a Man.
Two Women and a Fool (not the same book).
A King and a Few Dukes.
Three Men and a God.
The World and a Man.
Two Lads and a Lass.

And no doubt, with a little search, many similar ones could be found.

The very rare case of an author being successful in two departments of literature is to be found in the instance of Ian Maclaren's *The Mind of the Master* and *The Upper Room*, both selling very freely at the same time as his works of fiction.

Guide Books are, of course, much inquired for, and the previous list of series still holds good.

Any publication dealing with the colonies, or foreign parts generally, is still eagerly purchased, and several are being published. The mention of such titles as *The Cruise of the Antarctic into South Polar Seas*, *The Alps of New Zealand*, *The Portuguese in South Africa*, *From Cairo to the Soudan Frontier*, *Travel and Talk by Rev. H. R. Haweis*, will show the breadth of the public interest.

The rising generation evidently finds Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott unsuited to its taste. These three are certainly less popular than formerly. Something more easily read seems to be looked for, and it is well known that the three authors named need careful perusal.

Bicycling has its literature now—that is to say, its periodicals, its annuals, its handbooks, etc., and the same may be said of stamp-collecting.

Financial publications continue to find ready purchasers. A *Manual* of South African investments is the latest addition to this department.

The literature of electricity is now of very considerable extent. A second edition of a work on the electric lighting of ships is going very freely.

Swinburne's new poem has been well received, a remark that does not by any means apply to poetry in general.

In the subjoined list of books fiction is very conspicuous. The favourite book of the moment is *The Sowers*, by H. Seton Merriman, and *Illumination* comes next to it. As previously stated, the order of the titles has no signification.

The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.
An Amazing Marriage. By G. Meredith. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By J. H. Findlater. 6s.
Madelon. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. Seton Merriman. 6s.
Without Sin. By M. J. Pritchard. 6s.
Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
Worth While. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
The Island of Dr. Moreau. By H. G. Wells. 6s.
Weir of Hermiston. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s.
Nephelé. By F. W. Bourdillon. 2s. 6d. net.
Joan of Arc. Edited by Mark Twain. 6s.
A Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d.
A Man and a Woman. By S. Waterloo. 3s. 6d. net.
W. V.: Her Book. By W. Canton. 3s. 6d. net.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
The Sin of Hagar. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
Isban Israel. By G. Cossins. 3s. 6d.
Electric Lighting for Marine Engineers. By S. F. Walker. 5s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between June 1 and July 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Maggie. By Crane. 75 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)
3. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. Love Songs of Childhood. By Field. $1.00. (Scribner.)
6. In the Valley. By Frederic. $1.50. (Scribner.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.35. (Stokes.)
3. 'Twixt Cupid and Crœsus. By Didier. $1.50. (American News Co.)
4. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
5. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
6. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)

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BALTIMORE, MD.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan)
5. St. Ann's. By Norris. 50 cts. (Cassell.)
6. A Winning Hazard. By Alexander. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. $4.00. (Houghton.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. The Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Alice de Beaurepaire. By Sardou. $1.00. (Brown & Co.)
6. Weir of Hermiston. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
2. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Rome. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Under Side of Things. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Puppet-Booth. By Fuller. $1.25. (Century Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Etidorhpa. By Lloyd. $2.00. (Clarke.)
2. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
3. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. The Truth Tellers. By Winter. 50 cts. (Lippincott.)
5. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Joan of Arc. By Twain. $2.50. (Harper.)
3. History of the Warfare of Science with Theology. By White. $5.00. (Appleton.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Taxation in the United States. By Howe. $1.75. (Crowell.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

DENVER, COL.

1. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
4. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. The Mighty Atom. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
6. Social Highwayman. By Train. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)
3. When Greek Meets Greek. By Hutton. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
4. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd Mead & Co.)
5. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
6. The Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. Voyage to Viking Land. By Steele. $2.00. (Estes & Lauriat.)
2. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Dana. $1.75. (Scribner.)
3. Briseis. By Black. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Joan of Arc. By Twain. $2.50. (Harper.)
5. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
6. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Weir of Hermiston. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. The Trent Affair. By Harris. $1.50. (Bowen-Merrill.)
5. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)
2. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Weir of Hermiston. By Stevenson. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
3. A Parting and a Meeting. By Howells. $1.00. (Harper.)
4. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton)
5. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
6. Joan of Arc. By Twain. $2.50. (Harper.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Mind of the Master. By Maclaren. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Warfare of Science and Religion. 2 vols. By White. $5.00. (Appleton.)

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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)
3. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. $4.00. (Houghton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Cavaliers. By Keightley. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)
4. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1 50. (Appleton.)
2. The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1 50. (Appleton.)
4. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
5. An Army Wife. By King. $1.25. (Niely.)
6. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. Army Wife. By King. $1.25. (Neily.)
3. Green Gates. By Meredith. $1.25. (Appleton.)
4. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
5. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
5. Holmes's Letters. By Morse. $4.00. (Houghton.)
6. The Lark, vol. 1. By Burgess, Editor. $3.00. (Doxey.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. $4.00. (Houghton.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Reds of the Midi. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Democracy and Liberty. By Lecky. $5.00. (Longmans.)
5. Essays on Nature and Culture. By Mabie. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Warfare of Science with Theology. By White. $5.00. (Appleton.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
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